

Children's Newspaper

Have You Seen
My Magazine?

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Three-halfpence—Every Friday

THINGS THAT HAVE NOT GONE UP

A GRUB GOES TO AUSTRALIA

Across the World to Catch a Fly

INSECT THAT IMPERILS THE SHEEP INDUSTRY

By Our Natural Historian

The Motherland sent Australia her white population, her cattle, sheep, and horses, with corn and fruits and many a welcome gift, all helping to establish living families and crops of her own.

We did the same for New Zealand, and in earlier days for America. We furnished India with her finest horses and many cattle; we gave her what has now become an abundant supply of quinine with which to fight her fevers. We sent the East Indies their supplies of rubber; we have clothed ocean islands with trees and vines, and made their pastures plentiful with cattle, poultry, and pigs.

And we have had benefits in exchange—trees, fruits, vegetables, all foreign-born, yet acclimatised here. We are a clearing station for the world.

Pests That Cost Millions

And we sent Australia—rabbits! We sent her, meaning well enough, these natural enemies that have overrun the land and proved the greatest plague Australia has known. We sent America the sparrow, and she does not forgive us any more than we forgive her for sending us the slipper limpet which devours millions of our oysters in their sea-beds every year. China sent her rat to Europe, and Europe sent it on to us, the destructive brown pest which is now causing us a million pounds' worth of damage a week in the United Kingdom.

France imported a fatal disease with vines introduced to strengthen her vineyards, and it cost her a sum equivalent to a national debt to extirpate the malady. So the international exchange of good and ill goes on.

Laying Its Eggs in Its Enemy

The latest example is the arrival and unchecked spread of the English bluebottle fly in Australia. Here it has many enemies; there it has few, and it has multiplied so alarmingly that in 1917 it killed sheep worth £3,000,000, and it threatens to imperil the entire Australian sheep industry. Professor Maxwell Lefroy has been consulted, and, as usual, he is ready with a remedy.

Our bluebottle at home has four parasite enemies, of which the most notable is the *Alysia manducator*, whose method of operation is similar to that of an ichneumon fly against aphids or caterpillars. It lays its eggs in the grub of the bluebottle, and the egg produces a larva which eats the grub of the host.

The professor's scheme is to send this *Alysia* grub to Australia, packed in earth and kept in cold storage, as if it were in the earth during an English winter.

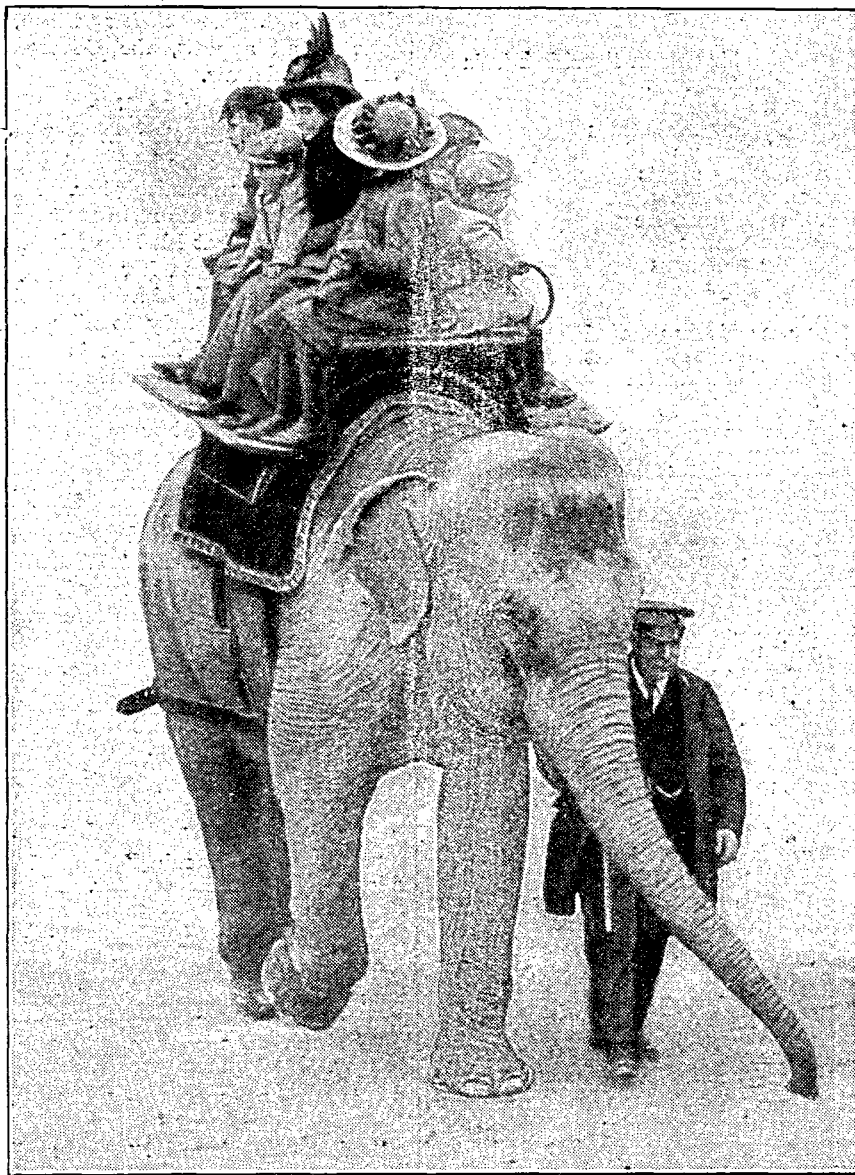
On arrival it would be brought to activity by warmth, and then given blue-

bottle grubs. In these it would lay its eggs, and the egg-infested grubs would be sent to sheep-runs where the bluebottle is active, and hatch out there to exterminate the enemies of the sheep.

Under favourable conditions a new arrival always thrives greatly in a new environment, and the battle would

favour the enemies of the bluebottle as hitherto it has favoured this horrid fly, which lays its eggs on the sheep for the grubs to devour the flesh and make fatal wounds. So we shall try to make good for the harm we did when we sent Australia this fly, which probably just went out as a stowaway on a ship.

One Thing That Has Not Gone Up



Everybody is glad that the Zoo has not been among the profiteers. A ride on the elephant costs no more today than it did in 1914. For other things as cheap as ever see page 2

THE WORLD IN OVERALLS?

HOW TO STOP THE PROFITEER

America Leads the Way

BOLD IDEA THAT ANYONE MAY COPY

The cost of clothes has become so great in all parts of the civilised world which follow the fashions that a complete change into cheap garments is widely desired.

America, the land of bold ideas, has given a start by wearing overalls. An overall outfit can be bought in America for 24s., and it has the advantage of making what is worn underneath of no importance. It covers up all the freaks and follies of expensive fashion, and, if it should be successful, will start a new fashion of cheapness.

Will it succeed? In America it has been adopted by judges, lawyers, clergymen, actors, bankers, and wiser men, and has even invaded Parliament.

As a man's suit costs in America from £25 to £30, no one need wonder at the return to dress as simple as the old-fashioned smock-frock.

Married in Overalls

Even society has taken to the overall, and at a fashionable wedding in New York the other day the bride's wedding dress consisted of an overall of blue gingham costing about a sovereign. The bridegroom, clergyman, and best man also wore blue overalls.

Tailors, however, are not yet terrified at the prospect of cheap dress in the warm weather. They know how deep-seated is the desire to show off in fine clothes, and they think they will be able to tempt people into more expense by providing fancy overalls in place of the plain blue of the journeyman engineer.

Already they speak of *de luxe* overalls with silk facings, pearl fastenings, lace fringes, and fur cuffs. They feel sure they can start a new spending fashion among the people who will not think why the overall fashion was started.

Learning to Go Without Things

The one way of bringing down prices is by going without the things that are dear. This is made easy by the overall movement. It is sure to be popular with those who love to attract attention, at least as long as it is peculiar. The trying time will come when it is no longer peculiar. Then probably those who live to be looked at will desert it.

What is certain is that if people would adopt the overall, the world in overalls would smash the clothing profiteer.

The movement is being well taken up in Canada. The drawback to it, both there and in the United States, is that the demand for overalls is greater than the supply, and the price for them is rising, to the disadvantage of the workmen who must of necessity use them.

SNAKE AMONG THE ORGAN-GRINDERS

There is no place in the world where anybody can be as safely lost as in London, but one would not expect a snake to manage it, especially in a central and crowded part. Yet the feat has been triumphantly performed by an American wolf snake.

It came there as part of the stock of a naturalist firm. In September last, however, it slipped away quietly, and could not be found.

We now know that somewhere in Clerkenwell, in the district where Italian ice-cream vendors and organ-grinders abound, it found a secluded spot where it could lie comfortably through the winter.

How it managed to live unseen, and find toothsome food during the later

autumn and spring, is more than any one can imagine with confidence.

The waylaying of rats and mice is put forward as one explanation of its fatness when, last month, it returned to its owner's home as quietly as it had disappeared. But fat it was, and seemingly quite at home in crowded London.

That a hue and cry was not raised, with an earlier notice in the newspapers, is accounted for by two facts. One is that its owners did not wish to cause alarm and upset people's nerves, and the other is that the wolf snake, in spite of its terrifying name, is harmless.

It little knows what an extraordinary feat it achieved in lying safe in London for eight long months.

BRITANNIA PAYS WHAT THE BUDGET MEANS

Only Nation in Europe Paying
Its War Bill

THE PEOPLE'S MONEY-BOX

All the great nations of Europe are almost hopelessly in debt, and so far only one is boldly facing its difficulties. That one is our own country.

The arrangements by which our country will find the necessary money are contained in the Budget—the yearly accounts which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, has laid before Parliament.

Our total debt amounts to £7,835,000,000, or about £175 for each man, woman, and child in the British Islands. As the yearly interest that must be paid on this amount is enormous—at least half-a-crown a week for each person, old and young—it is necessary that this debt, which is borrowed money, should be paid off as quickly as the country can find the money.

The Taxes

Besides the interest on this debt there is the cost of governing the country. That cost, with the interest on the debt, will this year be £1,117,452,000, as far as the Chancellor can judge.

Last year the country's income did not equal the annual expense, and more was borrowed; but this year Mr. Chamberlain determined not only to pay our way but to pay off part of the debt.

One way of doing this is to cut down expenses, and this has not yet been done to a very great extent. Another way is to increase the taxes.

If the same taxes that were levied on the people last year had been kept unchanged this year, they would have left £154,000,000 over at the end of the year; but the Chancellor thought this was not enough. So he proposed to put on more taxes, which he calculated would enable us to pay our way through the year, and at the end wipe off £234,000,000 of our debt.

Cutting Down Expenses

Everyone who thinks about the matter knows that this is very necessary. Indeed, the sum should be much larger, but the people will not bear too heavy taxation. A better way would be to cut down the expenses of government, which are now very extravagant.

However, taxation is being increased, and here is the list of increases, showing the things from which our new revenue will come. From new taxes on drink, with which most people agree, we expect £58,520,000; from motor-car taxes, £10,200,000; from tobacco, £530,000; from duty on stamps, £6,300,000; from the increased profits made by great businesses compared with the profits before the war—called Excess Profits Duty—£100,000,000; from a tax on business companies, £35,000,000; and from letters being raised a halfpenny each for postage, £9,500,000.

Income tax will in some cases be lowered, so that it will show a decrease of £16,300,000.

No More Borrowing

Altogether the new taxes will bring in eventually £198,230,000 more than the taxes on the same things last year, and enough of this will be collected this year to enable us to pay off £234,000,000 from our £7,835,000,000 debt.

The Budget shows, then, that the country has ceased borrowing; that it is raising enough revenue yearly to pay its way; and that it is beginning to pay off its war debt. Although people grumble, of course, at having to pay such heavy taxes, they know it is the wise and honest course. Great Britain stands out from all other European nations as the only one that has begun to reduce her debts; and for that reason her credit is steadily rising.

PRICES AS IN 1914 NO PROFITEERING HERE

Something to be Thankful for
in These Days

MANY THINGS AS CHEAP AS EVER

We announce on page 6 the result of our offer of a guinea for the best post-card list of things that have not gone up.

Some of the things our readers have thought of are peculiarly interesting, and reflect much credit on those who have thought them out.

But it is not possible to count such natural treasures as sunlight, the songs of birds, or the glory of autumn; these things are without money and without price, and war can never touch them.

All we can count are things we actually pay for, and from the thousands of things mentioned we make this selection.

Hire of a gas stove
Water rates
Police fines
Fine for pulling alarm signal in a train
Lending library fines
Cost of a summons
Many Government licences
Armorial bearings
Tax on male servants
Tax on motor-cycles
Motor registration fee
Insurance stamps
Insurance premiums
Receipt stamps
Will forms
Copy of a will when proved
Birth and death certificates
Marriage and burial fees
My school fees
Plain teas in Carisbrooke village
Toll-gate charges
Boating on Regent's Park lake
Our ferry-boat charges
Entrance to Bournemouth pier
Tickets for the Zoo
Ride on the Zoo elephant
Admission to the London Monument
Admission to Tintern Abbey
Admission to Scott Monument, Edinburgh
Admission to the National Gallery
Admission to museums
Admission to Maze at Hampton Court
Fees in St. Paul's, Abbey, and Tower
Cloak-room fees
Train platform tickets
Repairs to taps by Lewes Water Company
Chairs in the Park
Weighing machines
Railway fare for a letter
Theatre programmes
The pedlar's packet of lavender
Civil Service examination fees
Money-order commission
Certain postal orders
Letter registration fees
Royal College of Music examination fees
Catalogue of Soane Museum
Telegrams and insurance post to India
Patent fees
Pew rents
Naturalisation certificates
City fares on the Metropolitan Railway

We like these items in many of our lists, though they do not quite properly belong to them:

Church collections
The price of salvation
Farthing change
The number of good people
The strength of gas
The quality of liquors
Prison apartments

There is a touch of pathos in some of the postcards, and we send our sympathy to all those boys and girls who bemoan the fact that many of the things that have not gone up are

My Saturday penny
My pocket money from Daddie
Mother's pin money

"Our parson's wages," say many of the lists, and we send our goodwill and congratulations to those brave parsons who are struggling through.

See page six

CURFEW RINGS FOR CHOCOLATE

HOW DORA TAKES CARE
OF THE EMPIRE

Secret Plot to Feed a Hungry
Lady

FARCE THAT SHOULD END

The sorrows of theatre-goers have found eloquent champions in Parliament, but they have tried in vain to persuade the Government that the Empire will be safe if D.O.R.A.'s war-time prohibition of the sale of chocolates in theatres is withdrawn.

The case of the lady languishing for a box of chocolates in a theatre is in such doughty hands that there is no need to summon reinforcements to her aid, but a correspondent appeals for help in a much more serious case.

Curfew, it seems, is still ringing for chocolate—a war curfew which, in spite of all appeals, the Government will not withdraw.

Nothing to Eat

A lady was arriving at a London station very late one night, and a friend was at the station awaiting her. Knowing that there was no restaurant car on the train, and that his lady friend had been many hours on her journey, the man went in search of a little light refreshment for the lady to nibble in a taxi as she crossed London to another station. We must keep alive somehow, Dora or not.

In the refreshment room a man was drinking a pint of beer at the counter; he tossed it off, and was supplied with another. The food available was small in quantity and apparently worse in quality, so the man said, "Well, chocolate, that is a good light food, as the Army found; let me have some chocolate, please."

But Plenty to Drink

The waitress looked at him with mild contempt. "Don't you know we're not allowed to sell chocolate at this time of night?" she asked. The man quite jumped, feeling rather ashamed to be ignorant of any important regulations about chocolate.

"Pint o' beer, miss," gurgled the thirsty man at the counter. He was served with one pint more, and the waitress resumed her washing-up. Then the chocolate man plucked up courage.

"About this chocolate," he dared to say; "I want some as food for a lady coming in by this late train. She has been hours on the way, and will be hungry. Do you really mean that there is something to prevent my having it?"

Defiance of Dora

"Of course there is!" she replied. "We can't sell chocolate after eight at night, and this is 9.15. Don't you know chocolate is under Dora?"

The poor man humbly confessed that he did not.

"Well, it is," she said, and then she added kindly, "It's more than my place is worth, so don't let on. I'll let you have some. I've got only two-penny bars, and I'll let you have two. Pop them in your pocket and don't let anybody see." So the Empire was imperilled! So Dora was defied. So a hungry lady got a taste of food.

Then the waitress was called to men and women at the other side of the bar, who, in little more time than it takes to write it, had two rounds of drinks—beer, whisky, and port wine. The thirsty man at the other end of the counter was still struggling with his third pint of beer, and the man with the secret chocolate left him wanting more. What a piece of luck for the thirsty man that he wanted beer and not chocolate!

PENNY POST DYING

KILLED BY THE WAR
Second Time the Nation Has
Lost It

HOW IT BEGAN

Has the war killed the penny post, one of the greatest achievements of the Victorian era? The new Budget makes all letters twopence.

This is the second time in English history that the penny post has been changed into a twopenny post. As far back as 1681 there was a penny post in London and the suburbs, but in 1801 this was raised to twopence; and now history is repeating itself.

Jane Austen, in her novel "Sense and Sensibility," refers to the higher rate when she makes one of her characters write a letter: "and no sooner was it completed than Marianne, ringing the bell, requested the footman who answered it to get that letter conveyed for her to the twopenny post." We little thought, when we read this, that we should go back to the twopenny post.

Of course, letters used to cost much more than twopence. The first British post office was erected in 1635 by Charles I., but the post was confined to the main roads. Later, however, Cromwell greatly improved the postal service, and letters were then sent to all parts of England by boys on horseback.

Crawling Across England

But after Cromwell's death the service fell off, and by 1784 the post was the slowest form of transport in the kingdom. While it took a stage-coach only 17 hours to go from London to Bath, the mail occupied 40 hours. This was such a scandal that an enterprising theatre manager at Bath suggested that mails should be carried by the coaches.

In 1784 the stage coaches began to carry mails, and continued to do so until the advent of railways. The charge varied according to distance and according to the number of sheets in the letter.

Two sheets were charged double post, three sheets triple, and so on. A single sheet from London to Brighton cost 8d., from London to Aberdeen 1s. 1½d. It was the hardship of these charges on the poor that led to the introduction of penny postage, and a great poet's kind action started the ball rolling.

What We Owe to a Poet

The poet Coleridge one day saw a poor girl refuse a letter because she could not pay a shilling for it. Out of pity he paid this, and when the postman had gone the girl showed him that the envelope contained only a sheet of plain paper. She and her lover had made an arrangement to send to each other letters which could be refused to indicate that they were quite well. In other words, they cheated the Government, and this so impressed Mr. Rowland Hill, who heard of it, that he set to work and won the country for penny postage.

In 1839, the year before the penny post came in, about 75 million letters, or three per inhabitant, were carried in the United Kingdom; in 1914 the number was over 4403 millions, or nearly 100 per head of the population.

Robbing the Nation

With the return to a twopenny post it is suggested that all franking should be abolished. Government offices send letters free in envelopes marked O.H.M.S. (On His Majesty's Service), and this is a last relic of a bad old custom by which M.P.s used to send their own and their friends' letters free by simply initialling them.

The practice was begun under Charles II., and was always abused. Members of Parliament would sign large batches of envelopes for their friends, so that in 1763 the cost of carrying the franked letters of M.P.s was £170,000, equal to perhaps a million sterling now.

Some members even paid their servants' wages in franked wrappers instead of in money.

FIRST GREAT POET'S FRIEND

Crumbling Tomb of Old John Gower

HOW ENGLISH WAS TALKED 500 YEARS AGO

In the Cathedral Church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, is a crumbling tomb that should be restored by someone who has more money than he needs and a love of history. It is the tomb of John Gower, erected 512 years ago.

John Gower was one of the men who wrote in English when the language was beginning to take its modern form, so that we can understand it without learning it as if it were a foreign tongue.

We cannot read Anglo-Saxon in that way. To us it is like a foreign language, though most of our common words are in it, in old forms.

John Gower was a learned man, living in the last half of the fourteenth century, and he wrote in Latin, French, and, at last, English, just as his friend Geoffrey Chaucer, the first great English poet, wrote. Gower's poems do not attract us now as true poetry like Chaucer's, but the words used are most helpful in showing how our native tongue gained ground against fashionable French. We learn from him how Englishmen were talking 500 years ago, and that knowledge should make us respect his memory and honourably preserve his ancient tomb.

THE BOY VOTER

Good News for Peter Puck

Another boy has voted for Parliament, keeping company with the little man whose story we told a month or two ago.

Then it was at Croydon, where a boy whose name by chance had got upon the register was allowed to vote. Now it is at Sunderland, where a boy of 13 presented himself at the polling booth, proved that he was the voter whose name was on the roll, and was allowed to vote.

Peter Puck asked not long ago why children should not have votes, as they are in the great majority, and he will be glad to know that at least two children have now voted for the British Parliament.

NEW AEROPLANE IDEA

Speeding Up at Great Heights

The power of an aeroplane engine decreases the higher the machine goes, owing to the rarity of the atmosphere, and it has recently been discovered that an aeroplane engine will develop only 45 per cent. of its normal horse-power when at a height of 20,000 feet, with a consequent slackening of speed.

To counteract this the engines of high-flying aeroplanes are now equipped with super-chargers, which feed oxygen to them, thereby enabling the correct explosive mixture to be made and full horse-power to be developed.

A TERRIBLE MOMENT

How a Steeplejack Came Down

A steeplejack has had a narrow escape from death at Aldershot.

He was Mr. C. L. Agar, and was fixing new cable wires to a flagstaff 100 feet high on the Soldiers' Home. Having been drawn to the top of the pole in a cradle, he was working on the wires when the rope of the cradle snapped.

In that terrible moment the steeplejack was able to throw out his hand and catch hold of the support cable coming from the top of the pole to the ground, and down this he slid safely to earth.

The Man Akin to all the Universe

MR. KIPLING TALKS OF THE ENGLISHMAN

The Great Poet Takes Roman Leave to Say Exactly What He Thinks

WHAT WILL OUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN SAY?

Fifteen or sixteen hundred years ago, when Rome was mistress of the world and the Picts and the Scots kept to their own side of the Great Roman wall between Carlisle and Newcastle, the story goes, says Mr. Kipling, that Rome allowed these peoples one night in the year when they could say aloud exactly what they thought of Rome, without fear of consequences.

On that one night, then, they crept out of the heather in droves, lit their little wandering fires, and criticised the Libyan generals, the Roman pontiffs, and the Eastern camp followers who looked down on them from the top of the unbreakable Roman wall.

Mr. Kipling has been following the Roman way, and giving himself one night, the night of Shakespeare's Day, on which to say what he thinks of the Englishman.

Mr. Kipling took as his text a line from the author of Robinson Crusoe, who said that a true-born Englishman was a contradiction:

A metaphor intended to express

A man akin to all the universe.

In that last line, said Mr. Kipling, lay much of the secret of England's strength. The Englishman was akin to all the universe.

The Phœnicians taught him the elements of shopkeeping; the Romans taught him love of sport by hiring him to fight beasts in their arenas. He took a 300 years' course of colloquial and law French under eminent Norman teachers.

For 500 years his domestic and foreign policy were largely controlled by Italian, French, Spanish, and Austrian authorities, and he escaped from these embraces only to be subjected to the full rigour of the Puritan conscience. He was finally and fatally subjugated by the Scots.

Birth of the Empire

Such a nightmare of national experiences would have driven an unmixed race to the edge of lunacy; but the Englishman, like a built-up gun-barrel, is all one temper, though welded of different materials, and he has strong powers of resistance. As a safeguard he built up a social system divided into water-tight compartments, so arranged that neither the water of public panic nor the fire of private revenge should sweep his ship of state from end to end.

And thus—not in a fit of absence of mind—was the Empire born. It was the outcome of the relaxations of persecuted specialists, men who for one cause or another were unfit for the rough and tumble of home-life. They did it in search of rest and change, much as we go for summer holidays, and, like ourselves, they took their national habits with them.

Pax Britannica

They did not often gather together with harps and rebecks to celebrate their national glories or hymn their national heroes. When they did not, like ourselves, take them both for granted, they generally denied the one and tried to impeach the other. But, by some mysterious rule of thumb magic, they did establish a reasonable peace and security among simple folk in many parts of the world.

If any Elizabethan statesman or adventurer had returned to England during the war, in a very short time he would have been able to pick up his office-work where he had dropped it.

Where the old English influences had struck deep the world over, he would have seen help and comfort hurried up to the fronts the world over without count or reckoning—without word or bond to limit or confirm them. Where the old alien influences persisted he would have seen every help towards this war denied, withheld, or doled out piecemeal at a high price. He would have recognised that what held firm in the days of the Armada held firm at Armageddon; that what had broken in his time was rotten in ours.

And herein, as I see it, lies the strength of the English—that they have behind them this continuity of immensely varied race-experience and race-memory, running through every class to the very dawn of our dawn.

The Lap of the Future

The great work of organising the man akin to all the universe was begun by William the Conqueror, A.D. 1066, and has been before committee or commission ever since. Norman, Papist, Cromwellian, Stuart, Highlander, Hanoverian, aristocracy, middle class, democracy, have each in turn tried their fleeting hand on "the man akin to all the universe." From each in turn he has taken what he wanted; he has given each a fair trial, and, when he has finished, fair dismissal.

What will he do in the future? We are too close to the dust of the main battle to see clearly. We know that England is crippled by the loss or wastage of a whole generation.

Her position from the civil point of view is that of our armies in the worst days of the war—that is to say, all leave is stopped for every man who can stand up to his job, no matter how sick or stale he may be; and there is undreamed-of promotion for untried men, who, merely because they are not dead, will have to face heavier responsibility, longer hours, and criticism.

Power of Character

But no miracles have occurred. This world, which we must all inherit, is no new world, but the old grown harder. The sole force which, under God's good providence, can meet this turn of our fate is character—such mere, ingrained, commonsense, hand-hammered, loyal strength of character as one may humbly dare to hope 15 hundred years of equality of experience have given to us.

If this hope be true, our children's children, looking back through the luminous years to where we here stumble and falter, may say:

Was it possible that the English of that age did not know, could not see, dared not even guess, to what height of strength, wisdom, and enduring honour they had lifted their land?

THE SCHOOL FLEET

LET OUR CHILDREN SEE THE WORLD

Wind Up School Life With a Travel Year

SUREST WAY TO PEACE

By an Old Educationalist

One of the good effects of the war—for every evil, however dire, may have its good effects—is that millions of men from all parts of the British Empire have seen wide tracts of the world which they never would have seen had not duty called them far from home. To all these men those experiences, so unexpected, so often terrible, have also been romantic and inspiring, and an education unawares.

The young manhood of Australia, of New Zealand, of the Canadian Dominion, has crossed the great oceans, visited the storied East, lived in continental lands of Europe, and, best of all, has had the chance of seeing the old Motherland of which it had dreamed, with her memories of a thousand years of noble history.

The Widened Vision

South Africans, the many races of India, and loyal subjects of the Empire from a dozen dependencies and colonies, have had the same enlargement of experience.

In even greater force the choicest of our own sons have been spread over all the lands that lie between the Mother Country and India. France, Belgium, and the Rhinelands, Italy, the Balkans, and Russia, Egypt and all the wide-lying lands of the old Turkish Empire, from Constantinople to Damascus and Jerusalem, and on to ancient Bagdad, and all the plains and hills of Hindustan have been seen and lived in by hundreds of thousands of our fellow countrymen. What an education it must have been!

No one ever thought such a thing could be. Yet it is the kind of experience that ought to be a natural inheritance for the race that more than any other rules the destinies of the world.

Search for Knowledge

The way of that experience—the pathway of war—has been terrible to contemplate, but the effects cannot but be good; and why should they not be secured in the future, in even fuller measure, along the pathways of peace?

In his leading article last week Mr. Mee introduced a thought he has long cherished as a quiet hope. Why should not the senior scholars in the schools of Great Britain be shown something of the world during their most impressible years, when observation is keenest and the sense of romance strongest?

Our ships search every sea for the sake of commerce and material gain; is not the formation of character and a practical knowledge of the world as it comes through the senses the greatest gain of all for a world-wide race like ours?

Know the World

"Let the cleverest young men of the whole world know England," was the ideal of Cecil Rhodes, one of the boldest thinkers of the nineteenth century. "Let England know the world" might well be taken as one of the most vital ideals of our national education.

What better preparation could there be for a start in life than that the last year of school work should be spent in building up health and self-discipline while taking an actual survey of the world on a voyage round it, and especially round the British Empire? "Home-staying youths have ever homely wits" is as true as in Shakespeare's day. The School Ship might be the means of building up a new racial manhood with a new outlook. Let the League of Nations see to it.

KNOWLEDGE IN DANGER

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE BOOKS?

Not Enough Trees Growing for the Future

SHORTAGE OF PAPER

The world of books and newspapers is in great trouble through the shortage of paper and its terribly high price. Even common paper made out of wood pulp is now nearly sixpence a pound.

Many newspapers are only carrying on at their present price because they have stocks in hand of paper bought at a lower figure. If things do not improve newspapers will have to cut down their size or increase their price.

Even in Norway, a country which has still a great deal of timber, the paper conditions have become desperate, and an appeal has been made to publishers to issue only works of vital importance, and to commercial firms to cut down their papers, reports, and catalogues.

The war is, of course, responsible to a large extent for the present shortage, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that the very cheap paper which existed before the war can ever be regained in peace.

Printing a Forest a Year

The greater part of the paper now used is the product of timber reduced to pulp. A sheet of modern common paper is merely a thin layer of bleached wood pulp. Always the call for paper is increasing, as education spreads throughout the world and populations increase. By the middle of this century the need for paper will be indeed enormous, for by that time the number of readers in the world will have been multiplied again and again.

But, while the world's readers increase, the world's forests are diminishing. It takes a full generation to grow timber fit for cutting, and what the world is mainly doing about timber is to cut it down without replacing it.

A year's issue of the world's newspapers destroys a great forest, but no one takes the trouble to replace the forest. Thus, year by year, the world is being denuded of trees, with results which will be serious, not only for the paper and publishing trades, but for the building trade and for all industry.

Foolish Waste of Timber

The United States was once the finest timber country in the world. So wantonly has the American timber been wasted, however, that Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Chief of the United States Forest Service, estimated just before the war that the duration of the American forests was not more than thirty-three years. Some kinds of timber are already scarce in America.

The waste of wood in Canada has also been appalling. Forest fires, wanton exploitation, and so on, have reduced the timber resources everywhere.

As for our own case, we have, unfortunately, to confess that we have been the most careless of all. Our woods and forests have become negligible, and in the war we were compelled to raid our small supplies because of the difficulty of importing timber. Long years ago we cut down our forests to smelt iron, before it was discovered how to use coal for the purpose.

The moral of it all is that the world's timber needs careful conservation. There ought to be systematic planting in every country. Even in our own land, small as it is, there are millions of acres which could be, and ought to be, clothed with trees to provide timber for the future.

A VETERAN CAMPAIGNER

A Crimean War veteran, 83 years old, has just arrived in London to begin his fiftieth summer preaching campaign in Hyde Park. He has walked many thousands of miles, and attributes his fitness to the fact that he is a teetotaler, non-smoker, and small eater.

A MAD HATTER TALK

Crazy Game with the Alphabet

PAYING TO BE MADE A DONKEY OF

By Our Wonderland Correspondent

I set off early. I felt it was high time to hear what the Mad Hatter thought of all this table-rapping.

"I never go table-rapping now," he said to me, "though I enjoyed the sport very much when I was a boy. The truth is that table-rapping is a form of leg-pulling which one can enjoy for a spell, but which is disastrous to one's spelling."

"How's that?" I inquired.

"Well, you sit in the dark, round a table," said the Hatter, "and when you're nearly dropping off to sleep there comes a knock. 'Who's there?' say you. And then you begin A, B, C, D, till the spirit knocks again. Well, suppose it's the spirit of your Uncle Zachary. You must sit there saying, A, B, C, till you get to U. Then back again to A till you get to N. Then back to A till you—"

Up and Down the Alphabet

"For pity's sake, stop!" I cried.

"A bit wearisome, isn't it?" smiled the Hatter, very sadly. "You can see now how it must make a lively boy hate the alphabet and want to knock it about, and hit it in the I till it can't C, and jump on it, and tear it to pieces, and jumble it all up, and make its P's and Q's into ells and jays."

"I once knew a man," declared the Mad Hatter, "who thought he could deceive everybody. But he was mistaken. Who did he deceive, then? He deceived himself. There are many spiritualists like that. But, O dear me, what a game it is! Here's the world, with enough in it to interest every sane person for a thousand years; and yet there are people who go poking about to find out what is on the other side of it, although they've only got seventy years in which to learn the alphabet of this beautiful and wonderful earth. You know what does it, don't you?"

"No."

"I'll tell you. It's a bee."

"A bee?"

"Yes, a bee. If you stand perfectly still, shut your eyes, and listen hard, you'll always hear a humming. I don't care where you may be: on the top of the Monument, in the middle of the Sahara, or down in the Tube—always you'll hear a humming. And where does that humming come from? It comes from a bee. And where is that bee? It is in your bonnet. And what is that bee doing in your bonnet? It is trying to make you listen to its hum. It's a kind of medi-hum, and if you listen you're lost."

The Hum of the Bee

"How's that?" I asked.

"Well, you see, this hum takes all sorts of tunes. To one man it sounds as if he were the Emperor of China, to another as if he were a parched pea in a penny whistle, and to another as if he were talking to his Aunt Jemima who departed this life in 1844. It's wonderful, it's truly wonderful, what that hum can do to a man's wits. It can make him believe anything. The remedy is not to listen, but to get on with your work. You don't want to pay to be made a donkey of."

At this point the Mad Hatter selected another piece of paper from his manuscripts, and, telling me he had com-

Continued in the next column

ON THE FLOOR OF THE CHANNEL

Mine-Ship Breaking Up

THE FEARFUL ECHO OF THE DAYS OF WAR

It is expected that leave will be given this summer for pleasure steamers to plough the waves of the British seas.

It is a good sign, but timid people may hesitate to venture on coasting trips when they hear that a whole ship-load of mines has been loosed by the breaking-up of a mine-carrier that has been lying sunk on the floor of the English Channel.

The released mines are beginning to drift ashore. Three of them have wallowed their way to the beaches of the Isle of Wight.

Those who know say that these mines are not likely to explode; but unadventurous people would much prefer that they were where they have been—at the bottom of the sea.

It is only when some chance circumstance occurs, such as the washing out of these mines from a wrecked ship, that people are led to think of what lies now at the bottom of our surrounding seas. What went on by day and night along our coasts during the war was hidden under an impenetrable veil of mystery. Even those who lived by the sea did not guess that within range of their sight, as they stood on some familiar headland, twenty stout ships or more were settling down in the sandy bed of the sea, rent by the torpedo.

A CHANCE FOR BRIGHT SCHOLARS

League of Nations Essay

A most interesting competition, which it is hoped will be well supported by schools, has been arranged by the League of Nations Union in cooperation with the American School Citizenship League.

What is required is an essay of about 3000 words on the most effective method of securing cooperation between nations, instead of competition. Prizes of £15, £10, and £5 are offered.

Manuscripts should be written on one side of the paper only, leaving a margin of at least an inch; and both home and school addresses should be given by the competitors.

Anybody under 18 attending an educational institution in Britain or America may compete, and the last day for receiving entries is June 21. Essays should be sent to the League of Nations Union, 22, Buckingham Gate, S.W. 1, to whom readers should write for further particulars.

posed some rules for good health, he read out the following statements:

ONE wrap on the bed is worth ten on the table.

All are not spooks that twitter.

Keep up your own spirits and don't bother other people's.

If you would see through the veil turn up the lights.

The motto of the Next World is Wait and See.

"Well," I said, "there is no doubt you are not likely to be taken in by a medium, but I'm not so sure that you may not lose something by taking no interest in the Next World."

The Mad Hatter replied: "Just now I am in This World, on the way to the next, and I'm not going to skip the first thrilling chapter in the Book of Life just to read what some other idiot tells me he thinks is the end. I prefer to follow the Author. And now you had better be off, for I'm to sing a song about Mincepies and Crackers."

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

MAN OF GLOOM AMONG THE STUARTS

Great Master of Music

GENTLE WOMAN WITH A GIANT'S STRENGTH

- May 9. Schiller died at Weimar 1805
- 10. Indian Mutiny began at Meerut 1857
- 11. Pitt, Earl of Chatham, died in Kent 1778
- 12. Strafford executed in London 1641
- 13. Sir Arthur Sullivan born in London 1842
- 14. Fahrenheit, physicist, born at Dantzig 1686
- 15. Florence Nightingale born at Florence 1820

The Earl of Strafford

THOMAS WENTWORTH, Earl of Strafford, of Wentworth Woodhouse, in South Yorkshire, now the seat of the Fitzwilliam family, was one of the men of strongest character who stand gloomily in our country's history.

He appeared in Parliament when King Charles was trying to gather up taxes contrary to the country's laws, and he was one who opposed Charles's methods; but he was not really a friend of the Parliamentary side. Wentworth was a man who took his own view of everything.

Seeing in him strength and determination, Charles made a friend of him, gave him a position and title, and sent him to govern Ireland. His plan was to make the Irish obedient, and he pursued it with relentless strength.

Then, unfortunately, Charles took him as an adviser in England, promising him that he "should not suffer in person, honour, or fortune." The Parliament promptly impeached him as a traitor and demanded his death. Strafford offered to release the king from his promise of protection, and to die; and his cowardly friend took him at his word and signed his death warrant.

Strafford was a brave, wrong-headed man, who thoroughly believed in rule by force, and fell a victim to his own mistake. His is a dark, defiant figure.

Sir Arthur Sullivan

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, the most popular British musical composer who ever penned a part, was the son of an Irish bandmaster. He was a musician from his babyhood.

When he was eight he could play every instrument in his father's band. Then he became the boy soloist in the Chapel Royal Choir, and later gained a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Music.

By the time he was 20 he was an organist, and a composer of great promise. Though he studied in Germany, Sullivan's music is thoroughly English in spirit.

There is scarcely a single form of music that Sullivan did not write with success, from hymn tunes to opera. His serious successes are, however, somewhat obscured by the immensity of his popularity as a composer of comic operas.

As a man Sir Arthur Sullivan was a universal favourite, his cleverness draped in geniality and modesty.

Florence Nightingale

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, the founder of our modern public treatment of the sick on scientific lines, and the beginner of nursing as it ought to be, is popularly regarded as a tender-hearted woman of angelic disposition, who was beloved by thousands whose lives she had saved.

She was all that, but also a great deal more. Her power of character was even more conspicuous than her kindness. She had original thought, great powers of organisation, and the knack of setting everybody to work. She stands out as the most practical of her sex.

Doctors, soldiers, architects, politicians, all were against her in her reforms, and all of them were wrong. She had to teach them and fight them and beat them before she could do any good, and she did it. She had the faith and perseverance that will move mountains.

The chief wonder of Florence Nightingale is that, being so strong and firm, she could have been so gentle.

Chicago's Elevated Railroads possess a remarkable record, having carried, in the eleven years of their existence, two thousand million passengers without one fatal accident to a passenger on a train.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 8 1920

The Glory of the Earth

THE flowers are opening out in all their glory; may we not plead for them, as often we have pleaded for the birds?

Human beings are wiser than any living things, but we are often very dull in our feelings towards lowlier forms of life.

Because we are too dull to understand the earth's loveliness aright, we use our cleverness to snare the birds; we even shut them up in little cages. And in the same way we uproot the flowers that make our fields and woodlands gay in spring and summer, carrying them into our gardens to live as languishing exiles from the country places where they have grown in sweetness and strength.

We do it because we think we like them, but carrying flowers into captivity is only a sign that we do not understand them.

Yet the truth is plain if we will only open our eyes to see. The flowers we tear from the hedgerows and woodlands and meadows, where they have grown because they like to grow there, dwindle and pine and die in our rockeries and gardens, and we are disappointed, and think of them as being rather stupid in failing to live where we wish to see them living—as our captives. But it is we who are stupid and dull.

We are thinking of this want of right feeling, or sensibility, as our grandfathers called it, because it has now become so common that many of the most beautiful flowers, and delicately draped plants like ferns, are nearly disappearing from the neighbourhood of great cities. It is said that, in a belt of land twenty miles round London, many of the most lovely flowers are being destroyed, and the changeable landscapes of the seasons, best seen in their flowers, are becoming tame and drab compared with their old-time glory.

It is not the gathering of flowers that we are objecting to; many plants become all the stronger and more beautiful when their flowers are gathered, in a reasonable way, to brighten our homes with their delicate colours. What we object to is the uprooting of flowers, destroying them, and desolating the countryside.

The saddest part of it all is that it springs from thoughtlessness and want of taste. We should not desire to seize it for ourselves, but should feel delight in seeing flowers in their natural home, with plants and trees and grasses as companions, in places where all our fellow creatures may enjoy the sight in common with ourselves.

We are trustees for the beauty of the earth; we owe it to our country, the land we are growing up to rule, to keep it rare and sweet and beautiful.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Wonderful Empire

THREE men sat near each other at a dinner in London a few nights ago.

One was from Canada, and he said that Canada could sustain a population of 100 millions—on full rations.

The second was from India, and he said that, having spent most of his voyage on the bridges of P. & O. steamers, it was a pleasure to see that five of every six ships passing were under our flag.

The third was from New Zealand, and he has seen New Zealand transformed from a wilderness to a country with a trade of 60 million pounds a year.

What an Empire it is that we are growing up to rule!

Rip Van Winkle Wakes Up

SOMEBODY has named a new ship the War Glory. Perhaps he has been in a trance these last six years.

Something in a Name

THERE is a pretty kettle of fish in a pretty village of Kent.

The village was called Leigh, which most people pronounced Lee. That did not please Leigh, however, because they call it Lie. As all the world that loves a beautiful hamlet goes to see Leigh some day, the good idea occurred to somebody of putting the name right.

It was the easiest thing in the world to rub out Leigh and put Lye in its place. But what do you think somebody did? They seem to have picked a lot of letters out haphazard and let them drop together, and now on the signposts we see a word that nobody can pronounce at all, the ugly name of Lyghe.

We are not surprised that there is trouble. The County Council clings to the old name, the Post Office adopts the new, and now the village is Lee, Lie, Lyge, or Lyggie, just as anybody pleases.

The moral seems to be that if you want to make a thing plain, make it plain; and if you want to keep it beautiful, keep it beautiful. The Children's Newspaper is very fond of this splendid village of Kent, with its rare little houses, and if it might be allowed to arbitrate it would put this lovely village on the maps, in the time-tables, on the signposts, in the rate-book, and in the Post Office, with the lovely name of Lye.

The Theatre Profiteer

THE richest touch of humour in our list of things that have not gone up is the theatre programme. Even the theatres could hardly have dared to put that up, for its price has been a profiteering scandal all the time. It is an impertinence to ask sixpence for a penny advertising sheet of pills and mineral waters and actors' names.

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!
LONGFELLOW

Parliament Thinks for Us

MOST people will be glad that the law has come to the help of the baker, enabling him to sleep at night.

We British people prefer to do what we like when we like, and so have perfect freedom; but that is often a very selfish way of acting. It may cause many other people to be at our beck and call for long hours, and so make their lives hard.

We may, for instance, expect them to sit in their shops all day, or stand in their bakehouses all night, that something may be ready for us at any moment, when it may suit our convenience to ask for it.

In all these things we should do to others as we would like them to do to us. We want leisure at suitable hours. So do other people. If we are too selfish or careless to think of others, it is right that Parliament should think for us and make laws that will be fair all round.

The new law that is promised for stopping night baking is of this helpful character, and should be welcomed.

Tip-Cat

THINGS that have not gone up: The German flag over England.

THE war may not have made the world safe for democracy, but it looks like making Constantinople safe for the Turk.

A SMITHFIELD butcher is surprised that people have refused to buy frozen mutton. But anybody can get the cold shoulder for nothing.

GOLF is said to be the rich man's game. It is certainly capital sport.

IS this the dear life we fought for?

BIRTHDAY gift for a boy with an ear for music: A note-book.

MR. CLYNES urges Capital and

Labour to come back to earth. Where does he think they have gone to?

A STATESMAN declares that we live in a period of transition. All on the move with no place to go to, till those houses are built.

STOP Press: A printer's strike.

FLEET STREET is filled with ghosts, says Mr. Edwin Drew. We have often noticed shady characters about.

Prices

SOMEBODY has noticed a sort of fall in prices. We have asked our mathematician to look into it, and he reports that at the same rate of speed they should reach normal level in about seven hundred and forty years.

Fire!

By Harold Begbie

We should be glad that summer is coming, for a writer in a grown-up paper declares that the brain grows lazy by the fire.

IF you want to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise, Don't sit by the fire:

For you not only scorch forehead, cheek, nose, and eyes,

And pant and perspire, But you also, as someone has lately made out,

Put the whole of your mental equipment to rout;

Your wits gather wool, your will sinks in a heap,

And although you don't know it your brain is asleep

As you slouch by the fire.

IF you want to be clever, and brilliant, and great,

Go out in the snow:

Or if there's no frost and you simply can't wait

For Thor's Hammer to go, Rush forth to the butcher and, weeping, implore

Him to put you at once with your books in cold store,

Since the wise man has told us the brain will unfold

To its amplest proportions when kept in the cold:

Go out in the snow.

THE worst of the winter we all must admit

Is the coal-box disease:

It saps all our effort, destroys all our wit,

Turns our brain into cheese. The smoke fogs the air and the heat fogs the soul,

Our energy dies with each shovel of coal;

In fact, this lost world cannot reach its desire

Till humanity rises and puts out the fire,

And sits down to freeze.

Things That Have Not Gone Up

And Things that Have Gone Down

IT has not been easy to think of things that have not gone up, but hundreds of postcards have come in response to a note offering a guinea for the best list.

A remarkable feature is that hardly any list is entirely correct. It is astonishing how many people declare that certain familiar articles have not gone up.

What they mean is that certain things sold at a penny a cube or tablet or box before the war, are still sold in penny cubes and tablets and boxes; but what is certain in most cases is that either the price has gone up or the quality has gone down.

The very best list sent in is from Harold Storrs, a bright boy of 16, at Whitestone Rectory, near Exeter, to whom the Editor is sending a guinea with his best wishes. Out of a list of 40 items, about 25 appear to be good examples. We are also sending 5s. each to Vivian Dunstan, of 14, Bromar Road, S.E. 5, and to J. Cookson, 15, Queen Square, Bath, who would have shared the prize if Harold had not sent in.

We shall now be glad to send a guinea for the best postcard list of things that have gone down in price since the war began.

See page two for list of things



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW
How men without
principle gain the
public interest

POPOCATEPETL

IS HE WAKING UP?

The Man Who Went Down Into His Fiery Crater

PROUD CORTES & HIS MEN

Every schoolboy learning geography has lingered over the bubbling sound of the Mexican volcano Popocatepetl. It is said that he is showing such signs of possible activity just now that people are fleeing away from him.

Though he is 17,800 feet high, or 2000 feet higher than Mont Blanc, Popocatepetl is not the highest in Mexico, but he has been one of the greatest of the earth's volcanoes. That may be seen by the immense beds of lava that have issued from him and coated his sides, and by the size of his crater.

If one climbs him, the ascent for about 14,000 feet is through forests of different kinds of trees growing in a succession of belts. Then bare, rough grass is reached, followed by ash, which, as the top is approached, is coated with snow. The snow is always melting by day, and sometimes melts away.

Hot Heart of the Mountain

Some of the snow water trickles into the huge crater, which is more than half a mile wide and over 1000 feet deep, and as it percolates down into the jagged-rimmed crater, and reaches the hot heart of the mountain, it becomes steam, and re-ascends and makes the vaporous cloud that is signified by the name Popocatepetl, which means "Smoking Fountain."

It is 380 years since Popocatepetl had a real eruption, and flung forth burning matter. Now he is quite a tame volcano, and Indians climb down into his crater and bring away sulphur.

It was from this giant, with its peak above the perpetual snow, that Cortes, the great conqueror of Mexico, obtained the sulphur he needed to make gun-powder for the overthrow of the Aztec Empire.

Conquerors Climb to the Clouds

When the handful of Spaniards, under their intrepid captain, were marching across the mountains to Montezuma's capital, they came to Popocatepetl, forty miles south-east of their goal, and found him in a state of furious activity. But, so far from being terrified, the Spaniards regarded the eruption as a sign that the days of the Aztec power were numbered.

Soaring towards the skies, with his cap clothed in glistening snows among the clouds, he could be seen for miles from the broad Mexican plain, and the natives declared that no man could climb him and live. This determined the Spaniards, and one of their captains, Diego Ordaz, with nine Spaniards and a few natives, set off up the slopes.

The Volcano Speaks

Struggling slowly through the dense forests at the foot, they came to the upper reaches, but here the subterranean sounds so terrified the natives that they speedily returned to the base. The Spaniards, however, went on.

The track now opened on a black surface of glazed volcanic sand and lava, and after traversing this they came to the perpetual snows. To walk in armour on the slippery ice and to breathe the rarefied air became increasingly difficult, and they suffered terribly; but still they pressed on, until at last the volumes of sulphurous smoke belched forth from the crater drove them back. But the

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

French pronunciation is being taught at a Twickenham secondary school by means of the gramophone.

Where the Money Goes

It has been pointed out that it is quite common for men nowadays to spend nearly £1 a week of their wages on drink and tobacco.

What it Costs to Run the United States

The cost of government in the United States is now £3,500,000 a day, while the total cost for the year is estimated to be £1,350,000,000.

Losing 100,000 Years

There were 1413 strikes and lock-outs last year, affecting over two and a half million workpeople; and nearly 35 million working days were lost, equal to about 100,000 years.

Canada is fast becoming a great tobacco country; 22,000 acres were grown in Quebec province last year, the crop being 16,000,000 pounds.

Flying Men and Forest Fires

Since the inauguration of aeroplane fire patrols in June, 1918, 570 forest fires have been discovered in America.

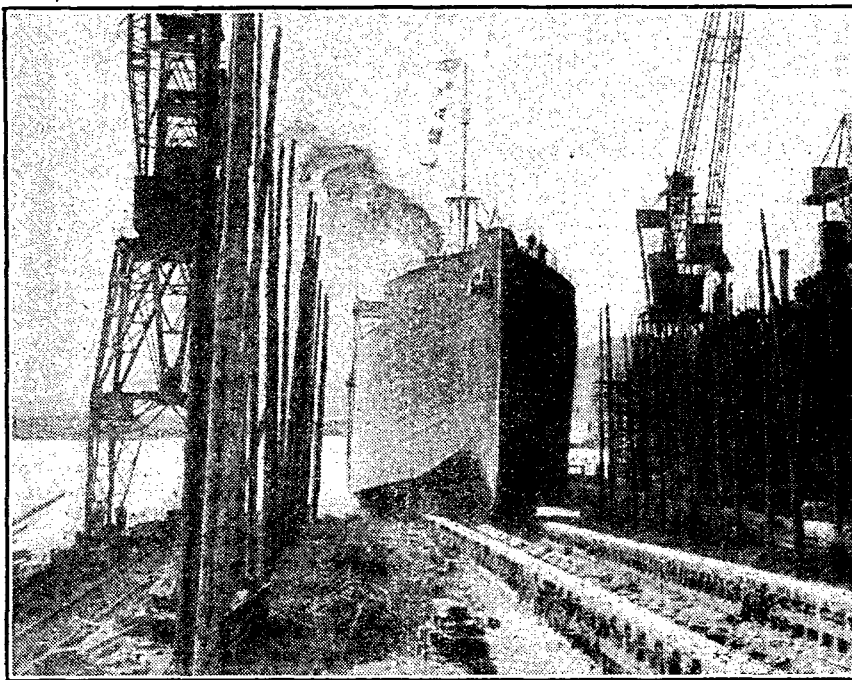
Lost, Stolen, or Strayed?

A dining-room table is missing from a large house which was used as a billet for soldiers at Shortlands, Kent, and £50 reward is offered for its recovery.

Harnessing a River

A new dam to be constructed at Cotter, Arkansas, will make a lake 75 miles long, submerge 50,000 acres, and be the means of developing 100,000 horse power from the White River.

10,000 TONS SLIDE INTO THE WATER



The vessel slipping down into the water



The ship steaming away after being launched

The War Glory, a ten thousand ton vessel, being launched at Chepstow on the River Wye, with steam up for her trial trip. Most ships are launched without steam up; the War Glory is the biggest ship that has ever been launched in this way. And we should say she is the most absurdly named!

gallant Spaniards were not to be baffled. Two years later Cortes, being in need of sulphur for making gun-powder, thought he might get some from the crater of Popocatepetl, and so sent another party of Spaniards, under a cavalier named Francisco Montano, to climb it. This expedition was a triumphant success.

Five Spaniards climbed to the edge of the crater, three miles round and a thousand feet deep, and at the bottom they saw a fiery lake, from which fumes of sulphur and steam arose. As the fumes cooled the sulphur was left deposited on the inner side of the fiery crater. The party cast lots to see who should

attempt the descent of this awful pit, and the lot fell on Montano himself. Without the slightest hesitation he had himself lowered in a basket to a depth of 400 feet, and gathered some of the much coveted sulphur.

Then he was raised, but again and again he was lowered, until sufficient sulphur had been collected for the army's needs. Perhaps never before or since has so bold a deed been performed.

Now, once again, Popocatepetl is said to be busy making sulphur inside his lofty crater. If he really is threatening to disturb his long rest we shall soon hear of his doings, for he stands only about 40 miles from the capital of Mexico.

A PATRIOT'S LAMENT

ALAS, FOR MY POOR FATHERLAND!

Pitiful Lot of a Thousand-Year-Old Nation

WILL ENGLAND BE HER GOOD SAMARITAN?

By an Old Friend in Buda-pesth

We have received from a much-esteemed Hungarian correspondent, an old reader of My Magazine, a lament for the downfall of the country he loves.

We print it with much sympathy, feeling that it may help us to realise what men are feeling in the smaller countries that were betrayed or forced into the war.

Five years have flown since I had occasion to write to you. An eternity! Then we were happy men in a land liappy, beautiful, and rich. Today we are poor men in a beggar-land!

Our land had no cause to interfere in that war, but through it we run with rapid steps to our grave. Our enemies stream into a defenceless land—from the North the Bohemians, from the South the Serbians, from the East the Rumanians.

The Dark Future

They have robbed, not only our locomotives, waggons, machines, ploughs, and domestic animals, but the very seed for our crops. We may not sow. We shall have no harvest. Ah! the dark future!

They robbed every telephone, till I think in Rumania every peasant must have a telephone in his stable.

Next there came the Bolsheviks. The invasion of the Tartars 700 years ago, and of the Turks, who occupied half our land for 145 years, were not as destructive as this invasion of the Bolsheviks. Buda-pesth became Judapest. They drew off the seventh skin from our meagre bodies.

But in our deep misfortune we have had one piece of luck. We have got rid of Austria, who held us so closely in her octopus arms that we could not breathe freely for 400 years.

Vain Dream of Peace

This Austria it was that forced us into war, and sent our brave sons into the first battle-line. Hungary may sink that Austria may live!

This Austria now gives asylum to the robber-captains, who live there on sums stolen from our State cash, while Hungarian mothers and children starve. And Europe allows it, and dreams of peace! There cannot be peace!

This writing to you is a remedy for my suffering soul. For what can I do for my 1000-year-old fatherland? I can only weep. But that will not lift up this half-dead land.

There enters into my mind a story of the Bible, of the man wounded and robbed, but rescued by the Good Samaritan.

Worthy to be Lifted Up

This wounded man is my country. The heartless passers-by are the neutral states that will not say a good word for that poor land. And only England can be our Good Samaritan! Only she can say, "Lazarus, arise!" Only by her help can we ever again be great and happy and fortunate.

England will learn in a short time that Hungary is worthy to be lifted up, for Hungary is not the home of falsehood. It is candid; it is noble-minded; it is not servilely humble; it will not beg for mercy; and it looks for justice to those who are of like mind.

A SCOUT AND A GENTLEMAN

FOLLOW THE KNIGHTS OF OLD

A Poor Boy may be as Great a Gentleman as a Rich Boy
DO SOMETHING GOOD

By the Chief Scout

Some people are still inclined to think that a gentleman is a man who was born rich, and that a boy brought up at expensive schools and colleges must therefore be a gentleman when he has grown up.

But this does not always follow. A boy who is lucky enough to have been brought up in that way has certainly better chances of being a gentleman than many a poor boy, but a poor boy can be as good a gentleman as a rich one.

A gentleman is what the word implies; he is a man, but a gentle man; not a rough, bullying, coarse customer, but a man who, though big and strong, can be kind and chivalrous and helpful to others.

As good a sample as any of a gentleman is the London policeman. He is at all times courteous and helpful to others, even to the extent of being ready to risk his life at any moment to save people in cases of accidents, or to protect them against rough handling; and he treats rich and poor, young and old, with patience, attention, and good humour.

No Day Without Its Golden Deed

"Kindness and gentleness are great virtues," says an old Spanish proverb, and another says, "Oblige without regarding whom you oblige," which means, Be kind and courteous to anyone, great or small, rich or poor.

With the knights of old the great point was that they were always doing kindnesses or good turns to people. Their idea was that everyone must die; but you should make up your mind that, before your time comes, you will do something good. Therefore do it at once, for you never know when you may be going off.

Among Boy Scouts and Girl Guides it is one of our laws that we do a good turn to somebody every day. It does not matter how small the good turn may be, if it be only to help an old woman to lift her bundle, or to put a halfpenny in the poor box, or to direct somebody who has lost his way. Whatever it is, something good ought to be done each day of your life, and you should start today to carry out this rule, and never forget it.

In order to be a true gentleman—or, of course, a true lady—you must be gentle and helpful, must always be grateful for any kindness, and must be careful to show that you are grateful.

Remember, for instance, that a present is not yours until you have thanked the giver for it.

Being and Doing

One writer has said: "I often think that when the sun goes down the world is hidden by a big blanket from the light of Heaven, but the stars are little holes pierced in that blanket by those who have done good deeds in this world. The stars are not all the same size: some are big, some are little—some men have done great deeds and others have done small deeds, but they made their hole in the blanket by doing good before they went to Heaven."

So try, boys and girls all, to make your hole in the blanket by good work while you are here. It is a great thing to be good, but it is a far greater to do good.

Robert Baden-Powell

71 AND STILL TEACHING

A school-teacher writes to say that she has taught in the same school for 26 years, and has never been absent or late. Though she has to walk or cycle through the country lanes, she is still at her post, at the age of 71.

CRUELTY TO THE DUMB

IS THIS HOW WE REWARD OUR HEROES?

Brave and Patient Steeds Who Suffer from Our Snobbery
WILL THE KING SAVE THEM?

I was driving along a road the other day and I saw as I came to a hill a notice-board bearing the words: "Please slacken the reins in going uphill." *The Prime Minister.*

What did this notice mean that the Prime Minister read? It means that there are still many people in this country who are cruel to horses—some of them cruel through ignorance, some through snobbery, some because they do not care.

It has been said that never was the bearing-rein so frequently seen in London as now, and it is a monstrous thing. Is this how we reward the noble steeds who have helped us to pull through all these hard times; who, when the railways stopped, came to our rescue; who, when the motors went off to the war, helped to bear our burdens?

Natural Grace of a Horse

The pity is that it is necessary in these days to ask people in this country to be kind to animals at all, but it is terrible that we should have to ask them to be kind to horses—these noble creatures that helped to win the war.

A righteous man considereth his beast; but droves of unconsidered beasts are driven in harness in London today. It is not natural for a horse to arch his neck when toiling at a load.

The best horses in the world are English race-horses, but as they move they do not arch their necks; they carry them outstretched, straight as an arrow. Fashion,



Cruel Man's Horse



Kind Man's Horse

barbarous and unreasoning fashion, which cuts off the thick, fleshy, lower part of a horse's tail, is responsible for the bearing-rein, and the pity is that this hateful fashion is countenanced by the drivers of the royal carriages.

The King's horses are always driven with bearing-reins. The rein is not tant or cruel, as is common elsewhere, but it is there. A protest against the practice some years ago drew the reply from an authoritative quarter that horses used for great processions must carry a bearing-rein to act as a check in case the animals should become frightened and run away.

The answer is nonsense. Bit and curb, for use when necessary, will stop even a royal horse; but the bearing-rein is always in action, whether the horse be trotting, walking, or stationary.

What is there to equal the terror of a shell-swept battlefield? Our horses which went up to the line, which moved batteries under fire, which galloped in charges, did not need the bearing-rein, nor does a London carriage horse.

The King's horses, whether their reins are hurtful or not, are an example to less considerate owners, and a word from the King to his stablemen would work wonders of kindness.

It is a scandal that notices should be necessary with the appeal, "Please give the horse his head going up this hill." The real fact of the matter is that the bearing-rein is used by people who seek to make an inferior horse appear a good one.

So it all began, and fashion, which has neither mind nor heart, carries the cruelty on among people whose hearts are kind, but who do not think.

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

THE SEVENTH CITY LEEDS AND ITS HISTORY

Proud Place in the Annals of the Nation

ENERGY OF 500,000 PEOPLE

With a population of about half a million, Leeds is the seventh city in the United Kingdom, and its importance as a manufacturing centre, and as an energetic up-to-date community, keeps pace with its population.

Though its modern growth has been rapid, Leeds has a long history. Its name first appears as Loidis, a fort once belonging to the remote, wooded, and hilly kingdom of Elmet.

Five hundred years later, when Domesday Book was compiled, it had become a hamlet at a crossing of the river Aire, a place of no importance then, though it developed during the succeeding centuries, probably through its nearness to the Cistercian abbey at Kirkstall. There the monks made sheep-rearing a successful part of their work, and influenced the whole region.

Its Place in History

The history of Leeds since then has been its growth as a centre for the practice of the "art and mystery of making woollen clothes," and the adding thereto of many other trades.

Only three times in later years did it play a distinctively national part—in January, 1643, when the Royalists contested here the passage of the Aire against the Parliamentary forces and were routed in a fierce skirmish; in December, 1832, when Leeds returned young Macaulay as one of its members in the first reformed Parliament; and in 1880, when it elected Mr. Gladstone, in the heyday of his popularity.

But though these are the only events on a national scale that catch the observer's eye from the story of Leeds, no city has helped the country better by doing its duty to its own citizens and as an example to others.

Network of Railways

The centre of a network of railways, midway between the eastern and western seas, which it can reach by inland waterways, with rich agricultural and also rich mineral-bearing districts near at hand, Leeds is finely placed, and the manufactures with which it had such an early start have been constantly developed and added to. It still commands the markets and the finishing trade in woollens, while its neighbour, Bradford, has absorbed the trade in worsteds.

But the trade in woollens alone would not have made and kept Leeds one of the great English cities. She experimented in ready-made clothing and annexed the cap trade, with a good share of the trade in the cheaper forms of hats. And to complete her clothing of the human form she established a large tanning business, with the allied manufacture of boots and shoes.

Public Spirit

Naturally, also, Leeds took advantage of her command of coal and iron, and established the manufacture of many kinds of machinery; from locomotives downward, with the smelting of iron and upbuilding of steel. Chemicals, soap, glass, printing, and pottery are other "lines" of her business; in fact, Leeds stands out as a competitor with Birmingham in the variety of her productions.

Great as has been the energy displayed in this virile northern city in business, it has been fully equalled in public spirit. Her public institutions, gathered largely around her classical Town Hall, are strong and vigorous.

In no other part of the United Kingdom is the educational field covered more completely or thoughtfully, from her fine elementary school system up to her university, which teaches science that will help the local industries.

Her recreative arrangements are on a generous scale, for Leeds has known well how to combine material success with all-round civic progress.

MAN THE GREAT EATER

WHO WILL TAKE A LITTLE CROCODILE?

Lion in Paris, Porcupine in America, and Monkey in Africa
EVERYTHING EATEN SOMEWHERE

Some people in Paris have lately been eating lion's flesh, and very good they found it.

It was sold in an ordinary butcher's shop at a cheaper price than beef, and some bought it because of its cheapness, while others were anxious to try a novel dish. The lion would be too expensive an animal to kill for food in Europe in the ordinary way, but in this case a lioness had to be killed, and the authorities decided that the wholesome flesh should not be wasted.

In some lands lion has always formed a regular article of diet, and, formerly, the Arabs in the country near Tunis lived almost entirely on lion meat.

Man is a strange creature with food, for he is the most omnivorous of all the animals. Nothing comes amiss to him, and though, according to our Western ideas, certain creatures are not pleasant for food, this is largely a fancy, and not based on any objectionable feature in the animals themselves. Snails and frogs, for instance, seem revolting to us, but they are regarded as great delicacies in France and in parts of America.

A Wise Man's Joke

A scientist invited some friends to dinner, and one dish was much appreciated. After they had eaten, the host told his guests that this was crocodile. At once they all began to feel very bad. Then he explained that he was only joking, it was veal or beef, and they immediately recovered, showing that it was the idea and not the food that was the trouble.

There is scarcely any animal, bird, reptile, or fish that is not used as a choice food somewhere in the world.

Monkeys are eaten in Africa, South America, the West Indies, Ceylon, and Borneo. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the famous scientist, ate monkey when travelling on the Amazon, and found it very good, tasting something like rabbit.

Catering for All Tastes

Bears are eaten in many parts of the world, and the ancient Romans, who were great gluttons, considered its flesh delicious. Jaguar makes quite a good dish, and both Darwin and Wallace enjoyed it immensely.

Opossums, ant-eaters, porcupines, and armadillos are all eaten in America, kangaroos in Australia, and dogs in many parts of the world. Red Indians regard a dish of dog as a great luxury, and in Chinese restaurants both cat and dog are on the menu regularly.

In Asia, Africa, and Ceylon the flesh of the elephant is eaten, hippopotamus flesh is a regular dish in Africa, and rhinoceros is eaten in Abyssinia. Horse flesh is, of course, an ordinary article of diet all over Europe, and is sold in shops in the East End of London. Bats, snakes, and insects are all eaten in some countries.

Overcoming Prejudice

The rat is an animal against which, as food, we should certainly have a great prejudice, yet many distinguished Englishmen have liked it. J. G. Wood, the naturalist, used publicly to advocate rat pie, and stated that he and his friends often left other delicacies untasted at table, but that the rat pie was always finished up by them.

A lady friend of the writer who was in Paris all through the siege of 1871, and had to live on rats, dogs, and cats, said that after she had got over the prejudice, they were "not so bad."

Certainly our habits and customs are largely built up by prejudice, and we should undoubtedly have thought the rat a delicacy and beef revolting if we had been taught that way.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

Nightingale Nesting

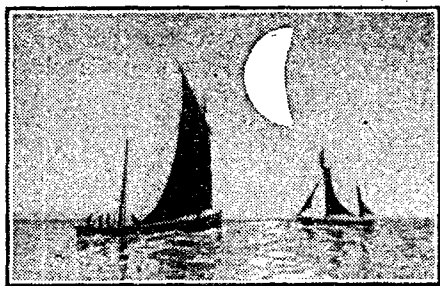
SEXTON BEETLE MAKES HIS APPEARANCE

Oh! sing a song of Springtime,
When all the world's a-tune;
When the merry, merry earth is sweet
with mirth,
And Maytime waits for June!
There's promise in each raindrop,
And a kiss in every ray,
And dale and dell both seem to tell
Of the magic month of May.

Clifton Bingham

NATURE CALENDAR NEXT WEEK

May 9. The sexton beetle first appears
The flesh fly is seen on the wing
The buff tip moth is seen flying
10. The noctule bat comes abroad
The pale tussock moth appears
The common partridge lays its eggs
11. Orange-tip butterfly is seen on the wing
Reed bunting lays its eggs
12. Long-tailed tit hatches its young
The nightingale's eggs are laid
13. The willow warbler lays its eggs
14. The dingy skipper butterfly appears
The dot moth is seen on the wing
15. The swift is first seen
The titlark is found laying



The moon in the middle of next week

Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Wednesday	Friday
Sunrise ..	5.20 a.m.	5.15 a.m.	5.12 a.m.
Sunset ..	8.33 p.m.	8.38 p.m.	8.41 p.m.
Moonrise ..	1.1 a.m.	2.20 a.m.	3.7 a.m.
Moonset ..	10.22 a.m.	1.40 p.m.	4.5 p.m.
High Tide ..	6.34 p.m.	9.19 p.m.	11.49 p.m.

High tide is for London Bridge

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

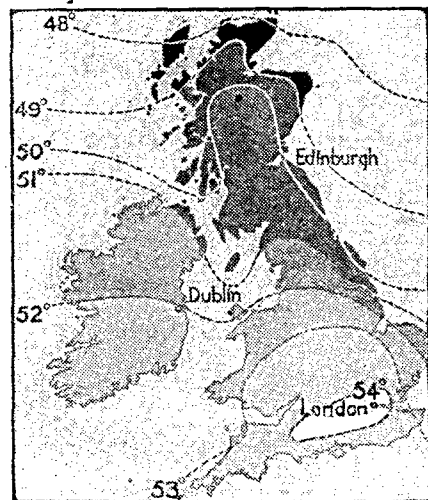
Examine all seed-beds, and if there are any failures sow again immediately. The hoe should now be employed among growing crops; thinning should take place before the plants crowd each other.

Tip the early sorts of peas when they bloom to induce the pods to fill quickly.

In warm and sheltered situations calceolarias, verbenas, stocks, asters, and similar plants may be put out. Should the weather prove dry it will be necessary to water all newly-planted shrubs and plants. When this has to be done give a generous soaking over the surface.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Temperature of May



This map shows in Fahrenheit degrees the average temperatures of May in the U.K.

DO DOGS LAUGH AND CRY?

SCHOOLBOY'S FAREWELL TO HIS FRIEND

Bobs Goes For a Sea Trip

POLITE DOG THAT OPENS THE DOOR

A Bradford correspondent sends this note:

Near by us is a confectioner who is kind to dogs and feeds them.

Two of the dogs are Bob and Jack, from different streets. Bob can open the shop door and Jack can't, so when Jack wants to go to the shop he fetches Bob, who opens the door, and in they both go.

HAVE DOGS A SENSE OF HUMOUR?

This question is asked by a Hove reader.

We had a dog who would sit and watch chickens in their run, and then, all of a sudden, would run straight for them and rush down by the wire-netting.

When he saw the chickens run and flutter, and heard their startled cries, he would turn round, and you could see his mouth broaden and his eyes laughing.

A DOG AND HIS FRIEND

A schoolboy tells of a dog's affection.

When I come back from school my dog, Specs, meets me at the gate and yelps with joy.

When my trunk and bags are being packed for me to return to school he slinks about the house, utterly miserable and beyond consolation, as if all the pleasures of his life were gone. When I call him he comes with his head drooping and his tail scarcely wagging, putting his nose in my hand; and if dogs can weep, he does it.

ARCTIC DOG AND THE RABBIT

A Beccles reader describes a friendship between a dog and rabbits.

One rabbit runs about the kitchen. When the master clicks his fingers the rabbit at once jumps on his knee.

The dog, Ursa, comes from the Arctic regions. He is very friendly with another rabbit, which has gnawed a hole in the wire-netting of its hutch. When Ursa passes by the rabbit puts its head through the hole, and the dog and rabbit lick each other.

When there are young rabbits Ursa makes it his duty to look after them.

DOG'S SEARCH FOR HIS MASTER

We have received a number of letters about animals and birds that have found their way home from considerable distances. Here is one.

Bobs lived at East Cowes, but as his master was going abroad he was taken over to Southampton. One day, when his collar was off, he disappeared.

When his master returned to the island, and happened to be in Newport, he saw Bobs following a lady, and whistled him. The dog ran to him at once with wild barks of delight.

It seemed that the lady had found him wandering in Newport and looking very sad, and so had kindly taken care of him. In Southampton he must have found his way to the Cowes boat, travelled to the Isle of Wight, and then crossed the ferry to East Cowes.

Failing to find his master there, he had gone on to Newport, where he had been several times.

DO DOGS KNOW PEOPLE'S NAMES?

Dogs know their own names, but do they know the names of people with whom they mix?

A Finchley correspondent asks the question, after quoting from a book which says dogs cannot understand human language.

"Every animal," says our correspondent, "can understand the language of loving-kindness; and the more kindly you treat an animal the more intelligent it becomes."

Our correspondent continues:

My last dog certainly knew the name of my nieces. Whenever they were coming to see me I used to tell her, and mentioned their names, and she would go to the door and bark and whine, and look for them impatiently. She seemed to know best the name of my youngest niece, whom she had been accustomed to meet coming from school.

WOMAN AMONG THE SNAKES

Lady Doctor at the Paris Zoo

COURAGE FOR THE SAKE OF KNOWLEDGE

The study of how animals defend themselves by poison is very important for human defence against animal poisons; and it is being carried on bravely by a French lady doctor at the Paris Zoo.

She sits making her observations, unharmed, amid all kinds of animals who have acquired the knack of poisoning those who would hurt them. As she has no intention of hurting them, and poisonous creatures know she is harmless, she is not in much danger; and, of course, she knows how each poisoner uses its venom against an enemy.

But you would probably have to go far before you found another woman who would handle slimy toads and gaudy newts, and creatures that fling their corrosive extracts at you, as well as the snakes that bite with fangs which drip deadly poisons.

The newt looks rather horrid in his yellow vest, but he must be eaten before he hurts. The snake that makes a mistake with him is doomed, for newt poison takes effect while the newt is being digested. You must know about poisons before you can guard against them, and the lady doctor means to know.

CAUGHT ON THE WING

A Boy and a Swallow

Some time ago we mentioned the catching of a bird on the wing by hand. A correspondent writes that he believes the incident occurred during a cricket match at Lord's, and that it was Lord Hawke who "snapped" a swallow as it swooped near him.

Another correspondent tells how, as a boy, when he was behind a deep hedge catching butterflies with a small home-made net with a crossbar, he, to his great amazement, bagged a swallow. The bird, in fact, as he swung the net, "popped inside."

He took it home carefully, nursed it, fed it for two days, and then set it free, no worse for its adventure.

FIREPROOF MATCHES

Economy Run Wild

Matches in France are a Government monopoly, and they have never been of very fine quality, but lately the public have had very real cause for complaint. Although the matches struck, the wood would not catch fire.

On inquiries being made it was found that these particular matches were made of the waste wood from army huts, and the wood had previously been treated to make it fireproof!

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS

TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR TOMORROW

These verses are from the Sermon on the Mount in the sixth chapter of Matthew.

31. Ne vous inquiétez donc point, et ne dites pas: Que mangerons-nous? que boirons-nous? de quoi serons-nous vêtus?

32. Car toutes ces choses, ce sont les païens qui les recherchent. Votre Père céleste sait que vous en avez besoin.

33. Cherchez premièrement le royaume et la justice de Dieu; et toutes ces choses vous seront données par-dessus.

34. Ne vous inquiétez donc pas du lendemain; car le lendemain aura soin de lui-même. A chaque jour suffit sa peine.

THE GREAT BEAR

YEARLY PROCESSION OF THE STARS

Three Hundred Pairs of Suns TRAVELLING 1000 MILES A MINUTE

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The famous seven stars of Ursa Major, the Great Bear, are now above us as soon as it is dark.

Last autumn they were low down in the north, but since then this fanciful plough, as it is called, has crept forward night by night, first to the north-east, until now it is overhead.

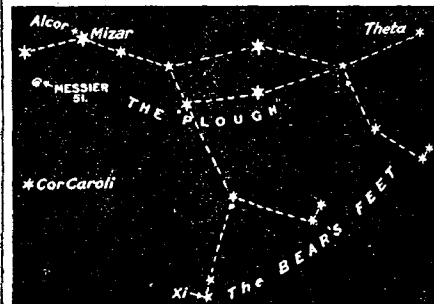
Actually they—and, indeed, all the stars—return to the same position in the sky nearly four minutes earlier each evening, which means that a *sidereal*, or star, day is 3 minutes 56 seconds shorter than a *solar*, or ordinary, day of 24 hours.

After twelve months these few minutes amount to almost exactly a day, and this explains how it is that we see all the constellations gradually pass before us in the course of a year.

The Bear's Nose

Certain details of these seven stars of the Plough were explained in the Children's Newspaper last year, but the accompanying star map shows that the Great Bear extends very much farther. The three pairs of stars show the position of three of its feet, while Theta is situated on its nose.

The star Xi, the lower one of the Bear's hind foot, is inconspicuous but particularly interesting; for it is composed of a pair of beautiful suns revolving round a point between them about



Keep this map for future reference

every sixty years. They were the first pair of suns found to travel in an orbit, and known to be connected together by the mysterious power of gravitation.

The discovery was made in 1828, and since then over 300 of these wonderful multiple sun-systems, or binary stars, have been studied and their motions recorded.

Another fascinating pair of stars are Mizar and the tiny Alcor in the Bear's long tail. They are both flying through space in the same direction, though inconceivable distances apart. Alcor, since ancient times, appears to have grown brighter, possibly through getting nearer to us.

Beautiful Double Sun

But Mizar is the wonderful star, and a small telescope shows it to be a beautiful double sun. The two are believed to revolve around some point between them, while the larger is found by the spectroscope to be composed of two great suns, each calculated to be about twice as massive as our Sun, which we know is 332,000 times as big as our little Earth.

These great fiery globes are very much brighter than our Sun, and they revolve round each other in 20 days and 14 hours—a stupendous speed. All three are travelling north-eastwards, as we see them now, and every second brings them 19½ miles nearer to us. As they are travelling slantwise their actual speed must be very great.

Thus we get a peep into a few of the wonders contained in that bright stellar point the Arabs called Mizar. G. F. M.

THE UNKNOWN TRAIL

A Tale of Terror and Adventure in the Sunless Depths of the Amazon Forest

Told by
Edward Wright

CHAPTER 32

An Offer of a Crown

As the colonel foresaw, the rebels were above and below the waterfall, and working along every forest track.

But Ted and Joy led the little party of Quichuans and Englishmen to the tributary stream. There Manco and his men took the lead, collected logs and bound them into rafts, and quietly poled up the current, which was some four yards wide and fairly clear of obstacles.

Some of the friendly Indians climbed the trees with Joy and Ted, and worked along a considerable way on either side. They came back with the news that no track skirted the waterway, and that the trees and twining growth were so thick that the enemy could only follow by water.

"We will ambush them," said Manco.

He stayed behind with the Englishmen, and with them arranged a trap. Four enemy rafts were allowed to pass, and the crews were shot. No others followed, and the victorious little rearguard poled away quickly and joined the men who were guarding Ollantay.

"Why should we take this villain with us?" asked the colonel.

"He is more than a hostage," replied Manco, through his interpreter, Ted. "So long as we hold him his men will never try to kill us by a shower of arrows. They will attack us separately."

Down the endless forest tunnel they laboured through the night, and they went on at daybreak until the stream dwindled in a ravine, and was choked with trees rooted below the water.

"There is no path, my lord," said one of Manco's men. "We keep only a light guard on this side, because the trees are a wall that no savages attempt to climb."

"We must climb it!" exclaimed Ted.

"We cannot carry Ollantay through the trees," said Joy.

"What are you all jabbering about?" inquired the colonel.

Ted explained the situation.

Ollantay was unbound and un-gagged, and told that he must either come or be killed.

For some minutes the rebel chief sat moodily staring alternately at Joy and Ted.

"Why did you bring the strange boy into the kingdom, Manco?" he asked. "You know it was against the law."

"Laws must change sometimes," replied the head councillor. "I found these men honest as well as brave. They were very kind to me, and their flying-boats were necessary to us."

"We might have used the men," said Ollantay, "for they come from the old conquerors of our race. But the boy with hair like flame, why did you let the Queen choose him for her brother?"

Manco made no reply in words. He looked straight into Ollantay's eyes, and smiled, strangely and subtly. There seemed to be an overpowering influence in his gaze. Ollantay turned his face away.

"I bear the name of a man who married the daughter of an Inca," he said, humbly and pleadingly. "He was a commander as I am."

"That Ollantay was a man of our race," said Manco. "You are a good warrior, but you are not one of the Children of the Sun."

"Neither is the strange boy," said the rebel angrily. "Choose one of the young Incas in the mountains, if you like, but not that strange boy."

"I have made my choice," said Manco. "So has the Queen."

Ted approached, and the two men ceased talking. Ollantay looked at him in a quiet, intense way, yet without hatred. Joy came up with a bunch of fruit of a new kind, and offered it to her adopted brother.

Ollantay sprang up, ran to her, threw himself at her feet, and kissed them.

"Pardon me, my Queen! Pardon me!" he cried. "All was wrong that I did, but I did it for the kingdom and not for myself. Slave of your slaves am I! Kill me or pardon me!"

Deeply moved, Joy bent down and touched the face of the man who had done so much harm to her and her people and friends.

"You are pardoned, Ollantay," she said, very softly.

The old rebel rose and went to Manco, and drew him aside.

Ted, with his father, Commander Cheeseman and Lieutenant Lincer, climbed the ravine, and were talking about tree travel.

Ollantay clambered up to Ted. "You must marry the Queen at once!" he said, like a man giving an order.

CHAPTER 33

The Return to the City

Ted looked blankly at his old enemy. With harder voice Ollantay repeated his message.

"I will speak to my father," said the perplexed lad.

Ollantay went down the slope. From his point of view he had made a very great sacrifice, and he could not understand why the English boy did not shout in gladness and speed to his appointed bride.

"Dad!" Ted called. "Here's a rum go! Come and listen."

The colonel came with Cheeseman and Lincer.

"How would I do as an Inca emperor?" said Ted. "Would you like a wedding instead of a fight?"

At first the colonel and his fellow-officers were rather pleased with the extraordinary proposal, especially when they learnt that Manco was strongly in favour of it. As to Sam and Bill, who saw their wildest dreams coming true, they danced on a raft till they tipped it over.

When, however, Ted revealed the Inca scheme of conquest on the whole of South America, and told his father of the thousand modern guns, the munition factories in the mountains, and the proposed warlike use of flying-boats, the colonel and other officers were dumbfounded.

"Manco must be mad ever to have dreamt that we would help him," said Lanaway.

"He is a kind of red-skinned Lenin!" exclaimed Cheeseman. "Wants to do down every Christian from Panama to the Horn! What will Americans and Canadians say?"

"All Europe would intervene," said Lanaway.

"They only mean to recover Peru at first," said Ted. "They want Cuzco their home city."

"They can't have it, my son," said the colonel. "It would bring on the greatest race war in history; but Manco must not guess we mean to go against him."

He held a palaver, and, with Ted as interpreter, explained to Manco and Ollantay that English customs did not permit a boy of twelve to marry.

The seams in Manco's face deepened as he listened to a short lecture on English law. Ollantay, on the other hand, looked happy. As for Joy, she was glad to know that Ted could remain her adopted brother and be her playmate.

"We can do nothing but return to the city," said Manco wearily, at the end of the conference. "Ollantay says he knows the way and will lead us there."

All the party had to climb the trees, but only for a short distance. After an hour of slow labour, with Sam continually complaining that the branches would not bear him, or that he could not get through the lianas, a track was found by the rebel chief.

It was a low, dark, tangled path, in which a man could seldom walk upright without hewing his way. Torches were made of oily vine.

Two of Manco's men went in front of Ollantay, and two more kept close behind him, axes in hand, to prevent his escape. The Indians maintained a remarkable pace, in spite of all the difficulties. Ted and Joy could keep up with them, but Colonel Lanaway was still weak from his wound, and Samuel Trotter had a great deal of fat to work off.

"Think how good the exercise is for your health, Sam," said Bill Manders. "Better than all that Swedish drill they put us through in the war."

"Exercise you call it?" said sorrowful Sam. "I'm wearing to a shadow. I shall float along soon."

of marching lights, and slid away into the gloom.

There was a kind of joyful holiday when a clearing was reached late in the afternoon. The English officers, having been taught to rub themselves with the protective juice of a fragrant vine, took a very cheerful view of the situation when a cloud of mosquitoes descended upon them and instead of biting rose away in an angry drone.

"This scented stuff," said Colonel Lanaway joyfully, "is worth more than the Inca's treasure. I would not lose my knowledge of it for all the gold mines in the world. Do you know why, Ted?"

The boy made a couple of guesses, but did not hit on the solution.

"I tell you," said the colonel earnestly, "that the Lanaway expedition has made the greatest discovery in medicine. It is worth infinitely more than the quinine which the Jesuits won from the old Incas. It gives the white races the control of all the tropics. It will save them from insect-borne diseases, even as it has saved Joy and her people. All I now want to do is to get back to England as quickly as possible, with some of the seeds of this vine. We've brought off a tremendously big thing, my friends. Our new river that we've

Five-Minute Story

A NARROW ESCAPE

"Oh, yes!" said the old gamekeeper. "There are plenty of deer—hundreds of them—and you may go anywhere so long as you do no damage."

It was Hugh Morton's first visit to Scotland, and the great heather-clad hills that lie behind the little village of Dunkeld had an irresistible attraction for him, so he felt very excited at the prospect of roaming them at will.

"There are a few wild cattle on the estate," continued the old gamekeeper. "They are quiet enough as a rule, though sometimes they get excited—like a bit at the sight of strangers."

"Oh, that's all right!" laughed Hugh. "I'm not afraid of cows!"

He left the little lodge and started to climb the hill. The ascent was steep and difficult in places, but at last he reached the summit.

A wonderful panorama lay spread out before him. Away to the west lay the famous pass of Killiecrankie; below, the Tay wound in and out, a silver streak between the giant hills.

As he turned towards the wood that lay to his left, a troop of deer, startled at his approach, bounded away.

An eagle soared into the blue above his head; a hare scurried past him, seeking the shelter of the bracken below.

He emerged from the wood to find himself in a great grassy plateau entirely surrounded by trees. A faint path led across to the wood opposite.

He was half-way across this path when a herd of white cattle appeared from among the trees that lay before him.

The first intimation he had of danger was a loud bellow and snort from the leader of the herd, a magnificent, deep-chested animal. From where he stood Hugh could see the red, angry light in its fiery eyes.

He decided to turn back. That instant the bull charged.

As Hugh flew forward he could hear the great animal thundering behind him.

One tree stood fifty yards nearer than the others. If only he could reach it!

As he drew near he saw that the lower branch was a full twelve feet from the ground.

His heart fell.

And now the bull was close upon him. In another second he would be tossed into the air, only to fall back to be trampled beneath the knife-like hoofs.

If only he could reach that branch!

The next instant he felt himself flying through the air. Something hard struck his face. He flung his arms around it.

He was clinging to the branch, safe, seven feet above the bull. He looked down.

"Thank you very much!" he said breathlessly. "I could never have reached it unaided."



Ollantay threw himself at Joy's feet and kissed them

Meat was eaten at irregular intervals, when game was killed or an inviting clearing found, and Sam lamented its rarity. Monkey food, he put it, didn't suit him.

The first night was spent round a fire under a great tree, where there seemed to be thousands of bats of the blood-sucking kind. The Englishmen were afraid to sleep because of the little vampires, but Manco showed them how to wrap themselves from head to foot in big, tough leaves, and so escape from loss of blood. Ollantay was tied in his leaves, and the Inca's men watched him in turn.

How long they slept the Englishmen did not know, for they had lost watches as well as compasses and most of their ammunition when their boats were captured.

CHAPTER 34

Lost in the Forest

THERE was little difference between daylight travel and night journeys in the deep forest.

The fierce tropic sun sent down only the dimmest glimmer, and the full-orbed moon gave scarcely fainter wisps of gleam through the roof of foliage. The peril from wild beasts was not great, because the men were not only armed, but carried torches. Even the worst of little snakes seemed to fear the line

put on the map doesn't count beside it."

Cheeseman, Lincer, and Ted cheered. Joy wanted to know the reason. Ted diplomatically put it that they were rejoicing because they had escaped from insect bites.

"Only ignorant Tupis are bitten by flies," said Joy.

But all the merriment ceased when Manco rushed forward.

"Ollantay has escaped!" he said. "None of my men know the way. We are lost in the forest!"

TO BE CONTINUED

NOTES AND QUERIES

What does N.B. after a name mean? N.B. is often put after the name of a place in Scotland, and stands for North Britain. After a Canadian name it means New Brunswick.

What are Greenbacks? Greenbacks are American money notes first issued in 1862 during the Civil War. The notes have been since continued, and are legal tender. They get their name from the green ink in which the design on the back is printed.

What is an Affidavit? An affidavit is a statement made by a person in writing and declared true upon oath. It is from Latin words meaning "faithful to."



Be of Good Cheer, the Sun Will Shine Tomorrow



Dr. MERRYMAN

"How did Dick get run over?"
"He was picking up a horse-shoe for luck."

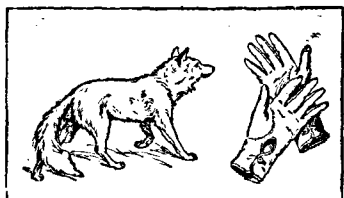
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A Geography Test

WHAT was the largest island in the world before Australia was discovered? *Answer next week*

□ □ □

What Flower is This?



This picture represents a well-known flower. What is it? *Answer next week*

□ □ □

The Sage's Wit

AS lately a sage on fine ham was repasting,
Though for breakfast too savoury I ween,
He exclaimed to a friend, who sat silent and fasting,
"What a breakfast of learning is mine!"
"A breakfast of learning?" with wonder he cried,
And laughed, for he thought him mistaken.
"Why, what is it else?" the sage quickly replied,
"When I'm making large extracts from Bacon?"

□ □ □

Is Your Name Whitaker?

PEOPLE with the name of Whitaker are descended from an ancestor who owned land, and from its character this land was known as the white acre, the wheat acre, or the wet acre.

The description, in course of time, became attached to the Christian name of the owner, and eventually became his surname.

Whitaker does not, therefore, always have the same origin, but may have come from any one of the three descriptions mentioned.

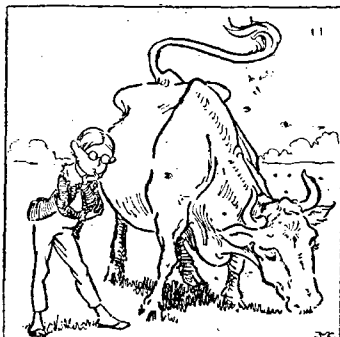
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"How did you like that joke I just told you?"

"Oh, it was splendid! I always did like that joke."

□ □ □

There Once was a Boy Named Guy



THERE once was a small boy named Guy,
Who never could understand why
A cow was a cow,
And he used to say, "How
Do you know that it isn't a fly?"

□ □ □

Do You Live in Northumberland?

NORTHUMBERLAND is what its name implies when divided up—the North Humber land, or land north of the River Humber. Humber is a changed spelling of cumber, which means confluence, a reference to the joining of the Rivers Ouse and Trent.

Amazing Arithmetic
TAKE five from five, and then
Put fifty in the middle;
Twice ten times five times ten
Will finish off my riddle,
And bring it to your ken
As fit as any fiddle!

Solution next week

□ □ □

Making a Guinea

AS Quin and Foote one day walked out

To view the country round,
In merry mood they, chatting, stood
Hard by the village pound.

Foote from his purse a shilling took,
And said, "I'll bet a penny,
In a short space, within this place,
I'll make this piece a guinea."

Upon the ground, within the pound,
The shilling soon was thrown.
"Behold," said Foote, "the thing's
made out,
For there is one pound one."

"I wonder not," said Quin, "that
thought
Should in your head be found,
Since that's the way your debts you
pay—
One shilling in the pound."

□ □ □

By Our Pessimist

NOW May is here with April winds,
Then June with May-like
showers;
And pretty soon we'll have July,
With all its sweet June flowers.

□ □ □

A Little French Made Easy



Un écusson Le papillon La pirogue
Chaque pays a son écusson
Ce papillon se pose sur une fleur
L'Indien voyage en pirogue



La couronne Le perroquet Un arrosoir
quet

Le roi portera sa couronne
Ce perroquet répète ce qu'on lui dit
Allez, donc, remplir l'arrosoir

□ □ □

A Famous Donkey-Ride

Lord Jeffrey, the famous writer of the Edinburgh Review, one day at the seaside took a ride on a donkey, and Sidney Smith thereupon wrote this verse:

"SHORT, but not so fat as Bacchus,
Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus,
See little Jeffrey on a jackass."

□ □ □

Name Us All

COMPLETE, I grow within a field,
And pleasant pasture often
yield;

Behold me once, a suitor then
Is quickly brought before your ken;
Behold again, I am a word
That on the cricket-ground is heard.
Restore my heads, cut off my tail,
To name a spice you will not fail;
Behold me now, and you will find
The master passion left behind.
Put on my head, my tail restore,
Complete me as I was before,
My second letter take away,
An envelope I am, you'll say;
But now curtail me just once more,
I am an inlet on the shore.

Solutions next week

□ □ □

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Can you read this?

If the grate be empty put coal on, but
if the grate be full stop putting coal on.

Is your Name here?

The names were Johnny and Marsie
What is it? CLOCK, LOCK

The Adventures of Jerry

TOLD BY MARGARET LILLIE

CHAPTER 1

"RAT-A-TAT-TAT!" went the knocker. The door opened, and on the mat stood a little boy in a blue smock. "Good-morning!" he said. "Is there a letter for me?" The old postman shook his head. "Two for your mamma." "One's from Daddie," said Jerry, turning over the envelope. "I did think I should have one today."

"Don't you fret," said the old man as he went off; "it will be coming along directly."

Jerry went slowly into the kitchen in search of Nurse.

"Here's a letter from Daddie," he said, "but there's nothing for me, and I can't even know what's in this one till Mummie comes back."

"Bless your heart," exclaimed Nannie, "don't look so sad about it! Your mamma's only gone down to the village; she'll be back before you can say Peter Puck. Run into the garden and see how the frogs are growing."

Jerry wandered off obediently; but he didn't stay long by the pond; he went on until he came to a wall right at the end of the long garden. It was rather high, but he put his foot into a little opening, scrambled to the top, and looked over into the lane.

A sleepy old haycart came creeping along, and a sleepy old man was driving it. Just as he reached the place where Jerry was sitting he stopped. The hay looked so soft that Jerry thought how nice it would be to roll in. He peeped over. The old man was busy lighting his pipe.

"I'll just jump on for a minute," thought Jerry; and he took a big jump and fell on his knees in the middle of it. At that very minute a voice from below called out,

"Now then, Dobbin, get on, lad!"

The sleepy horse woke up with a start, and the cart moved on. Jerry was just going to shout out to them to stop when he thought, "I'll let them go on a little way and have a ride." So he sat as quiet as a mouse, and sniffed the sweet-smelling hay, and laughed softly to himself.

I wonder what he would have said if he had known where his adventure was to take him, and how long it would be before he got home again. He never guessed—how could he?

More of Jerry next week



Jerry Looked Over

Jacko Gets His Own Back

JACKO dashed out of the house one morning with a shining face, and a small bundle under his arm.

He was very pleased with himself and the world in general, for he was off to spend a week on his uncle's farm.

Before he had been there a day he began to wish he could stay for ever. There was so much going on, and it was all new to Jacko—nearly all, that is, not quite.

"You're a lucky beggar," he said to his cousin Bob, who was showing him round. "Jolly little things, these piglets!"

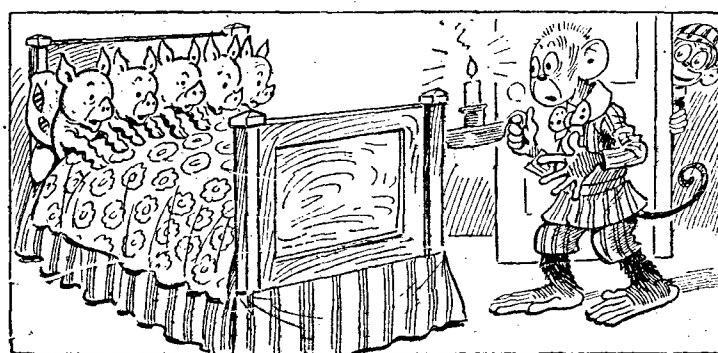
"They take a lot of looking after," replied Bob, and then, looking at Jacko out of the corner of his eye, he added, "They're like cats: they hate the wet."

"Then what do you do with them when it rains?"

"Take 'em indoors," said Bob, thinking a town boy wouldn't know any better.

That night when Cousin Bob went to bed he had the shock of his life. *Sitting up in a row on the pillows were five little black pigs!*

"It's raining," said a voice from the door, "so I thought I had better bring them in for you."



Cousin Bob had the shock of his life

Who Was He?

The Mighty Orator

A LITTLE boy born in the capital of a small but powerful state lost his father when he was only seven years old.

His parent left him a large fortune, but his guardians were rogues, and not only neglected his education, but robbed him of a large part of his money.

The boy, though delicate, grew up, and when he was 18 he charged the principal guardian with fraud, and, after a great deal of trouble, obtained a verdict, and the thief was fined. The youth, however, recovered very little of his fortune.

This success in the courts emboldened him to come forward as a public speaker, but his first effort was not successful. His violence and stammering made the people laugh, just as in the House of Commons the members laughed at Disraeli's first speech. But the people had some reason for their behaviour, for they could not understand what the would-be orator was trying to say to them.

But he determined to overcome his weaknesses, and he had an underground study prepared in which to practise speaking aloud. In case he might be tempted to go into the world for enjoyment before he had mastered the art of speaking, he used to shave only one half of his face, knowing that having made his appearance ridiculous he would not be able to go among his fellow men.

At another time he is said to have tried to cure his stammering by addressing the waves with a pebble in his mouth.

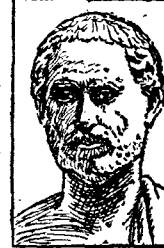
At last, when about thirty, he began to make a reputation, and soon became the mightiest orator of ancient times. The people loved him, and he made a number of tremendous speeches against a powerful king who tried to subdue his native land.

These speeches are very powerful, and have come down to us. It is they more than anything that have kept alive the name of the king who probably despised the orator.

The king won a battle and defeated the orator's countrymen. Not long after he was accused of bribery, and thrown into prison; but he escaped, and lived in exile for some time.

Then he was recalled, and headed a revolt of his countrymen against a foreign tyrant but his people were defeated and once more he had to flee.

He was pursued, and took refuge in a temple, where, to escape capture, he took poison and died. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Last Week's Name—George Washington

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

May 8, 1920

Every Friday, 1½d.

Postage of the Children's Newspaper is 1d. anywhere; a year's postal subscription is 8s. 8d. A year's postal subscription to its monthly companion, My Magazine, is: British Isles 14s.; Canada, 13s.; elsewhere, 13s. 6d. In South Africa, Canada, and Australasia all subscriptions must go through the agents given below.

PARISH CLERK AT 14 · SCHOOL IN BANDSTAND · BUILDING WITH A SYRINGE



Guarding the allotment—A former recreation ground at St. Albans was turned into allotments, and this old naval cannon, which had stood there for years, was left as an amusing warning [to trespassers]



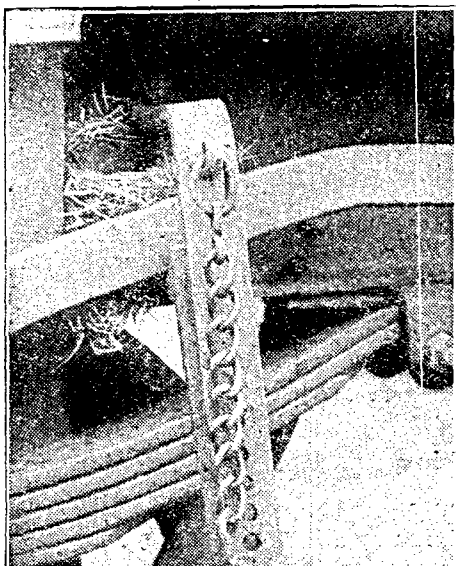
Parish clerk at 14—Ernest Brown, a pit-bank boy, appointed parish clerk of Pleasley Hill



Speeding up the lifeboat—A motor-tractor is now used at Hunstanton to run the lifeboat to and from the sea. The boat is pushed into the sea with a forty-foot spar, and much time is saved



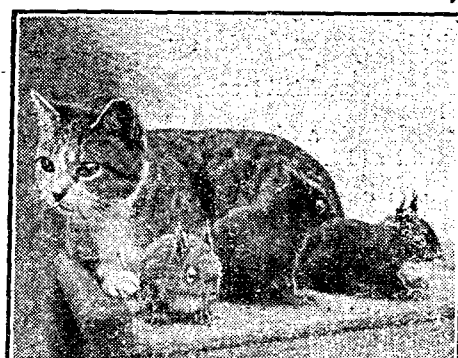
At school in a bandstand—London County Council have arranged for this curious open-air school for invalid children at Hampstead



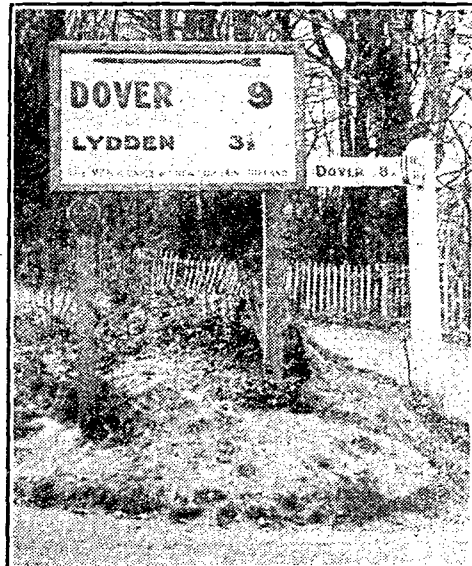
Bird's nest in a railway wagon—A pair of thrushes have built their nest on the brake-lever of a wagon in a North Stafford siding, and the nest has four eggs in it



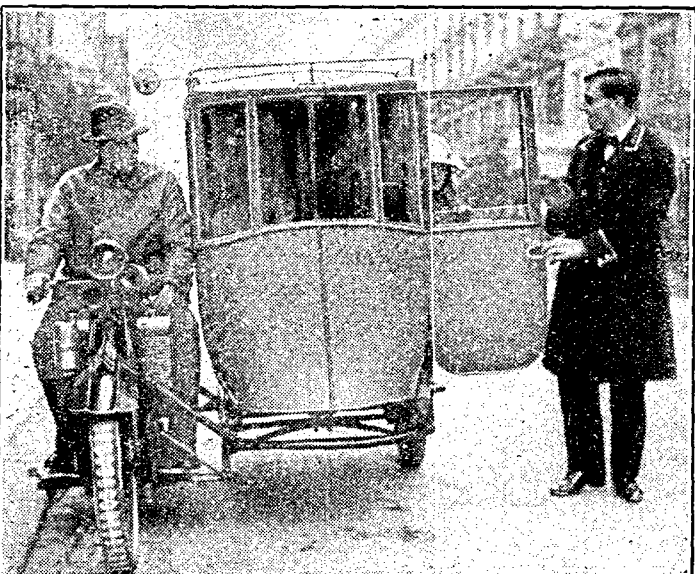
Lost or strayed—The fine picture by Mr. Briton Rivière, R.A., the famous artist, who has just died. When he was only twelve he sold a picture for £20, and he has told us that his income rose from nothing to £3000 in one year. This picture is reproduced by permission of Raphael Tuck & Sons



Pussy's strange family—This cat, having lost her kittens at Horton, in Gloucestershire, is bringing up a family of three squirrels



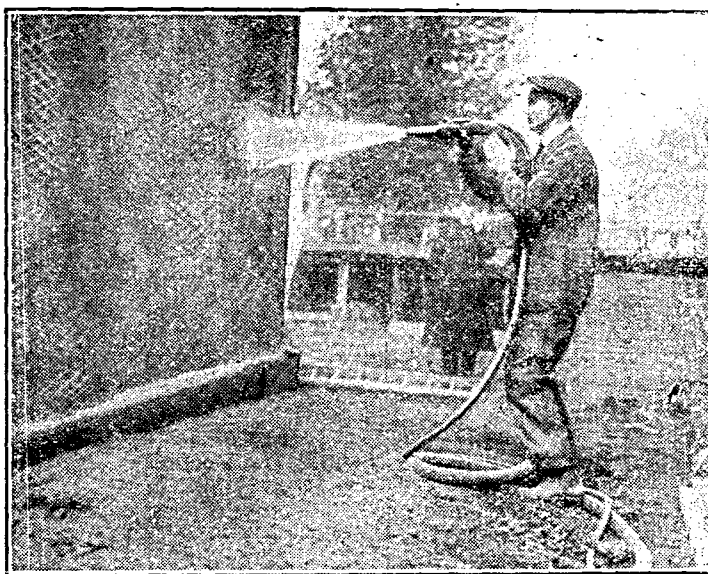
Which is right?—A new sign-board erected on the Canterbury-Dover road for the use of motorists which does not agree with the old finger-post that stands by its side



A rival of the taxi-cab—A "cycle-bus" which can carry four people, and travel forty miles an hour at much less cost than an ordinary motor-car. It may prove a formidable rival to the taxi-cab



A flying jump at tennis—Miss Collier in her strenuous championship play at Roehampton



Building houses with a syringe—Southend is solving the housing problem with a syringe, known as a "cement gun." A timber and metal shell is erected, and a 60 horse-power motor sprays cement and sand on it